

Interviewed by Kathleen Irving, 10 and 12 May 2004

The following document is based on the transcription of Ray Spendlove's oral history. After reviewing the original transcript, Ray chose to add several items in writing.

Kathleen Irving (KI): This is Kathi Irving. I'm with Dr. Ray Spendlove at his home at 733 South 500 West in Vernal. Today is the tenth of May 2004.

Could you please tell me about your ancestors?

Ray Spendlove: Gladly. My father was Joseph A. Spendlove. He was born the same day I was, June 11, only in 1887, in Virgin, Utah. My father's father was John Alfred Spendlove, born 16 December 1864, also at Virgin, and my father's mother was Eleanor Jepson Owens Spendlove, born 1 September 1859. She was born in Mill Creek Ward in Salt Lake County.

My mother was Sarah Jane Jones Spendlove, born the day before my birthday, on 10 June 1889 at Bountiful, Utah. My mother's father was Evan "T" Jones, born 16 October 1841 in Wales. Mother's mother was Cynthia Canness Porter, born 22 June 1850 at Mill Creek Canyon in Salt Lake County.

My father's father, John Alfred Spendlove, married Eleanor Jepson Owens, who was recently widowed and had two very young children. My father was the first child of their union. When my father was about two months old, his father was called on a two-year LDS mission to the southern states of the US. In later years, my father worked with my grandfather in lumbering and carpentry. At age nineteen or twenty, he came up north to work in the mines, smelters and mills at Mercur, Garfield and Magna. His last thirty-some years in the workforce were spent as an operator of electric power plants and substations in Ophir Canyon, Utah, and Bingham Canyon, Utah.

Mother's father had worked in Wales' coal mines, then in America, he worked in mines and quarries. Mother was number ten of eleven children and was eighteen when her own mother died. She and Father met in the gold mining town of Mercur, Utah, and were married in the Salt Lake Temple 15 November 1907.

My brother Joseph Gordon was their first child. He was born at Mercur 10 October 1908. He is a retired physician and he'll be ninety-six in October (2004); he and his wife Betty are living in Denver at the present time. The next born was our sister Eleanor, who died in infancy of pneumonia. Then came my beloved sister Sarah Beatrice Spendlove. She was a teacher, with a Master's degree. She taught at Bingham High School for over thirty years. She married Jack C. Bates. She had no children but was a second mother to many nieces and nephews, as well as many of her students and others.

Following Bea was a brother Max Jones Spendlove, born 15 December 1912. He earned a Bachelor's degree at the University of Utah in electrical engineering. He spent most of his working life at the US Bureau of Mines in Washington, D.C. He married Louise Prisk.

I trailed at the end of the production line, being born 11 June 1917 at Fountain Green, now swallowed up by Magna, Utah. I married the sweetheart of my youth, Helen Johnson, of Bingham, Utah. I met Helen the first day I attended school in Bingham, after my family moved there in 1929.

We were married on 21 October 1938 and have two daughters and two sons. In order,

they are Leslie Rae, born 1944, Kim Joseph, born 1947, Brian W., born 1949, and lastly, our Valentine, Valynne (Val for short), born 14 February 1953. All but our daughter Leslie Rae live in Vernal. She lives in Grantsville, Utah. Our four children have given us thirteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

I was the last child in my family. I'm just almost five years younger than Max. My older brother, Gordon, was nine years older, then we're spread out to me, the last of the family.

KI: How did your parents meet? Your dad was born in Virgin, Utah?

Ray: He was born in Virgin, but he left that part of the country when he was, I guess, twenty. He came north to some of the mining and milling communities. He had been doing carpentry work with his father in southern Utah, and he came north to find something that paid a little more. He found work in Mercur. Mercur was a buzzing gold mining community.

KI: Where is it?

Ray: Well, Mercur is about halfway between Ophir and Lehi. If you are on the highway between Salt Lake and Provo, and you take the ramp off to Lehi, that would be west. You go through Lehi and come around the mountains to a canyon where Mercur Gold Mines were. A little further on around the foothills was another mine that fizzled out real soon. It was called West Dip. Then on around further is Ophir Canyon where I spent my life from age two to twelve. Then on further around is Tooele and then Magna, then you can come right back into the highway that you took off to go to Lehi and Mercur.

That off-ramp to Lehi is the same way to go to Saratoga Springs, near the shore of Utah Lake. Saratoga is a warm springs, small resort. On a few occasions our family would vacation a few days in Saratoga Springs. We'd set up a tent near the warm springs and swim, swim, swim.

Do you know where Lehi is?

KI: I do.

Ray: Well, to further get oriented, you just take off the ramp from the main highway to Provo and you keep going all around the mountain, which is always on your right. The Kennecott Copper Mine is in the center of that circle as you'd drive around that area. The mountains, by the way, are the Oquirrh Mountains. Have you ever been to Bingham's Kennecott Copper Mine?

KI: Yes, I know what we're talking about. Was Mercur a pretty small place?

Ray: It was right up there with the mining camps of the day, say Park City, Bingham Canyon, Eureka, etc. It was bigger than Ophir. It was quite a booming place at one time. I wish I had right at my fingertips here a picture of the bustling community, with houses right close together and all kinds of businesses. It burned down and almost every stitch in the area burned. There was nothing left except the mine dumps. But it built up again since there was plenty of gold yet to be blasted out of the rocks.

But the thing is, it did finally run out of gold. So they had to shut down. But new technologies came along making it practical to get a lot more gold out of those dumps. So they

milled them again and got more gold, as best they could. Then they had to quit. New technologies got better still again and they went through the same dumps again. I think perhaps even a fourth time they went through all those dumps and finally they think they've got about all the gold out that they can get. It's amazing to have the same material worked over and over to get every last bit of gold out of it. I'd not be at all surprised if yet again, in our day, those same dumps are reworked.

Mercur was in the low rolling foothills. Ophir Canyon and Bingham Canyon had very steep canyon walls in the high mountains.

KI: So your dad went there to work in Mercur. Where was your mom?

Ray: They met in Mercur. She was raised most of her childhood in a place called Hardscrabble, which is somewhere around Bountiful, perhaps in the foothills. Mother had some brothers who went to work in the Mercur mines, too, so visiting her brothers in Mercur was when Mom and Dad met.

There were two or three couples that decided to go on a picnic. My father was paired off with another girl, but he and Mother hit it off so well that they became sweethearts and later married. Their wedding date was hurried at bit by the fact that Mother was number ten of eleven children. Her mother passed away when all of her sisters and all but one brother were married. Her father was away much of the time on mining contracts. Some of Mother's sisters invited her to live with them, but my father offered a second opinion. He proposed and she accepted. Mother was eighteen and Dad was twenty.

KI: Where did they marry?

Ray: They were married in Salt Lake in the Salt Lake Temple, but they started their home in Mercur. By the way, I never knew until recently that the name Mercur derived from the fact that so much of the silver ore in this gold mining town was bound to the metal mercury, which in its elemental form is a liquid metal.

KI: That's interesting. When were your parents married?

Ray: They were married 15 November 1907. Mother turned eighteen on June tenth; Dad turned twenty on June eleventh. When I came along, 11 June 1917, we all celebrated our birthdays together.

KI: That's fun. So you spent from the age of two, then, in Mercur?

Ray: No, Ophir. I was born in Fountain Green/Magna on 11 June 1917. When I was two, my father moved to Ophir. He had been working in the hard-rock mines of Mercur when he married. In the mines he developed silicosis. They used hammers and drills and this made so much rock dust, and since they didn't have any ventilation nor water drills to settle the dust, many men, including my father, developed silicosis. It gave him so much lung trouble, he had to give it up. So he went to Magna and got a job in the smelters. But this was almost as bad because of the fumes and the chemicals and the heavy metals and all. This environment bothered him

considerably.

So his brother-in-law, my mother's brother Omni, worked for Utah Power and Light in Tooele, and he learned of an opening in Ophir Canyon operating a power plant. So Father moved us to Ophir, and for the rest of his working years he worked for a power company some way or other. This was an electricity generating power plant in Ophir.

We lived in Ophir until we moved to Bingham in 1929. Dad spent the rest of his working days there operating a substation for Utah Power and Light. In Ophir he had a twelve-hour-a-day job, like from midnight until twelve noon. His counterpart, our only neighbor for miles, worked the opposite shift. Then in Bingham he operated the substation and that was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. There wasn't much to do except keep an eye on things, except for occasions such as lightning storms or damage to power lines by floods, winds, train wrecks and so on. So like in Ophir, my father spent countless hours beautifying the mountainside where we lived.

KI: Did just he live there?

Ray: Our whole family lived there except my brother Gordon, who was already away at medical school. Our house was fifty feet or less from the huge substation where my father worked.

KI: Did they make you pay for your electricity or did you get it free?

Ray: We did pay for the fine chip coal for the automatic stoked furnace which heated the entire home, but we got electricity free and 'most everything free. The rent was free, maintenance was free, water was free, there was no meter on the house. In Ophir we had outside plumbing, so when we got to Bingham and had inside bathtubs and it was a much nicer place to live, why, I took advantage of it. I loved the hot running water; I spent a lot of time using it up. I would often fall asleep in the deep hot tub.

I didn't feel bad about that, but I did feel bad about my father being tied down so much. He'd get one day a week off and somebody would come up the mountainside and take over while he went to do whatever he wanted to do. Most of Dad's jobs were really tying. At the power plant in Ophir, much the same. The Ophir house was a little further away from his job, about fifty yards, but there wasn't too much that he had to do, just supervise the generators and make sure everything was running smoothly. If lightning storms or trouble occurred, he'd take charge and remedy matters. But he didn't get a lot of time off there.

He was able to be home a lot because we were just living right next door. So he spent hours and hours and hours improving his yard, planting flowers, lawns, shrubs and trees. He built interesting pathways and novel creations. Utah Power and Light Company encouraged the beautification of their plant properties.

[During a short pause to get a photograph, Ray mentioned flagstone paths.]

KI: Please tell me about going up the mountain to get flagstones.

Ray: That was in Ophir Canyon. We'd take my little wagon and a wheelbarrow to gather flat stones from the slide rock beneath the cliffs. These cliffs were essentially our backyard. Max was five years older than I was, but I got to be big fast so there wasn't much difference in our size by

the time I was nine or ten. We'd take the wagon and wheelbarrow up into this slide rock and load it up with flat rock as big as we could handle, and haul it home. Dad would make fences, rock walls and walks. We had tons and tons of those flat rocks, so he built rock walls all along the stream and backfilled it with dirt. So instead of our backyard sloping down to the stream, it came out level to the rock wall. Then with cedar posts available all over the hills, Dad built a very interesting rustic bridge across the stream to the garden, which had many vegetables and berries. The gardens and flowers and lawns really made our surroundings beautiful. Mother wrote really fine poetry about our abodes in Ophir and Bingham.

KI: It looks very isolated, though. Besides this man, Mr. Rice, who, you said, switched shifts with your father, did you have any other neighbors?

Ray: Downstream further, about a mile, there was a farm family called the Bates'. Upstream about a mile there was a vacant house that had people before I came there. But then two miles up the canyon from us there was a man called Old John Williams. He didn't have any children, but only about a block or so up further was a Morgan family that did have children. There was another house up about a half mile beyond that, but it was empty and falling down. Then two miles beyond that was the town of Ophir. So we were really isolated down near the mouth of the canyon. The isolation was a real influence on my life. I was kind of a loner. In a way I'm still part loner. I've never purged all of that lifestyle out of my system.

KI: That would especially be true since your brothers were so much older than you.

Ray: True. My closest sibling was about five years older. But when I got to be around six or seven and eight, then we could become buddies. In summertime we hiked the mountains within several miles in all directions from home. There were a lot of old worn out mines up in the surrounding hills. We explored those and did a lot of crazy things that no kid should ever be allowed to do. Obviously, we had persuaded our parents that we were more responsible than we really were.

When the mines were abandoned, the workers would just walk away and leave the shops just as they were. Left behind were such things as dynamite, detonators, fuses, carbide and carbide lamps and everything used in mining, so they could plan to return when more money was available. They just never returned.

Max and I managed to get inside and heist some of these hazardous materials. Then we'd search for a likely place to explode them. We'd attach a fuse and detonator to a stick of dynamite and place it under an old stump or in the crack of a huge rock. The result was to lift a huge stump out of the ground or to pulverize the huge rock. We knew enough to get at a safe, protected distance before the blast. We knew the fuse burned one foot per minute, so a five-foot fuse would give us five minutes to scurry to a safe, distant, protected spot. We were fortunate neither of us were mutilated. One of the Johnson boys my age was not so fortunate. He lost the fingers of one hand just from an exploding detonator.

We'd climb down deep shafts by means of seemingly endless wooden ladders fastened to the shaft wall. But some of the ladders were so old and often so wet that rungs would be rotten or missing. We were really fortunate. Today it frightens me to relive those moments in my mind. There are laws on the books today to fill, cover or protect all such abandoned mines from access.

But sometimes we'd spend days together just hiking these mountains. Mother and Dad had the whole community out once searching for us, thinking we were lost. They were searching all along the streams and around the mountains and they didn't know where we were.

KI: Where were you? Down inside a mine?

Ray: Well, no. We'd been in the opposite direction from most of the mines just exploring new country. We finally wound up at the last farm down the stream, which was about five miles from our home. We had come down out of the mountains and visited that family a little while, then headed back home. So we were back up on the mountains overlooking our home when we saw all these cars down below. They were all looking for us. We gave our parents a bad time, but not very often. I guess we were either lucky or were pretty cautious under dangerous circumstances. We thought we were cautious and competent, but we were ten and fifteen.

KI: Even though you were so far from town, you still went to Ophir to school, right?

Ray: Yes, we went to Ophir to school. I may have overestimated, but the distance wasn't over five miles from home to school. Before I was old enough to go to school, my two brothers and sister would ride in a wagon. The farthest family down the stream, the Johnsons, got a contract with the school board to drive the kids to school. Their transportation was a horse-drawn wagon. So they'd start the day loading up their own kids, there were about five, then stop next at the Jorgenson Ranch and pick up about four more. Then at the Bates' ranch, about three or four more depending on which years we're talking about. Then they'd pick up my brothers and sister, then the Morgans. So they had about fifteen kids in that wagon bed. In the winter they'd take the wheels off the wagon and put on snow runners and make it a bobsled. They'd put a canvas cover over the top of it, and fill the wagon box full of straw and hot rocks to keep us warm.

It was a good arrangement until the team driver was sick in the Johnson family, then the transportation didn't show up at all. We'd stand out there waiting for a long time, then we'd start walking, which was a long trek up the canyon. If the snow was deep, it was a difficult trek. All of us had frostbite of our toes at one time or another.

Eventually, the Johnsons got an old truck that they'd haul us in. They built a steel ladder on the back. We'd climb up the ladder and get into the back of this truck, high off the ground. Eventually, they got an old used bus from somewhere. It wasn't a metal bus like today. It was made out of wood with window frames built into it, just a homemade bus. We rode that through my fifth year in school. The school board then decided to transfer the kids from sixth grade through high school to Tooele, which, as I mentioned, is between Ophir and Magna on that Oquirrh Mountain circle. To go by all these farms and get to Tooele and back was about a sixty-five-mile round trip that we had every day. But that lasted only from September to November, 1929, for me, as that is when we moved to Bingham Canyon.

KI: What was the school like in Ophir? Is this a picture of it?

Ray: It is. It was like that when we first moved to Ophir. But it never did change much. The school building was built on a marked slope. The school yard was too steep for much of a playground. The school district built a high cribbing made of logs at the downhill edge of the

school yard, then backfilled in dirt to make a level playground, instead of steep mountainside. So the ground extended out from the school steps forty feet or so. Slides and chinning bars and a May-pole-like contraption so kids could swing around in circles on cables attached to a tall pole were then added to a more level playground. We sometimes played softball, but the steep hillside and homes beneath us discouraged hitting long balls.

Behind the building on the down-canyon side was the outside boys' toilet and the girls' structure was behind the building on the up-canyon side. Neither of these deserved the title of "restroom." By the time I got to second or third grade, boys and girls lavatories were built under the east side of the school and under the west side a furnace was installed to heat all four rooms through air ducts.

KI: They just added on to the outside of the building to make the lavatories?

Ray: No. The building had been built on quite a steep slope so that under the floor of the downhill side was ample space for restrooms, or lavatories as we called them. So they were inside lavatories.

KI: Is this a picture of all the students in the school?

Ray: That's the whole school for the eight grades at that time. That would be about 1919. My siblings started there that year, but I started in 1923.

KI: It looks to me like maybe there's fifty or sixty kids. Does that sound right?

Ray: I don't know. Yes, it does look about like that all right.

KI: Can you describe the school?

Ray: It was divided this way. There was a hallway down the center, front to back. Then side to side was another partition making four equal-sized rooms. Each room had a pot-bellied stove. Hooks lined the walls to hold outerwear. Boots adorned the floor. So there were four classrooms. The first room was first and second grade. This one was third and fourth. This one was the fifth and sixth, and this was seventh and eighth.

Now, when my brother that's ninety-six years old [Gordon] got to the ninth grade, they had just built a little building right next to this one where they accommodated the ninth grade. But after the ninth grade, my brother had to go elsewhere to go to the tenth grade and beyond.

KI: They didn't bus him every day?

Ray: The bused him to the ninth grade along with Max and Bea, but they hadn't started busing to Tooele by then, so he went to live with an uncle in Richfield. Uncle Jim Spendlove was a carpenter and a shop teacher at the high school in Richfield. Gordon went to live with him for his sophomore, junior and senior years.

KI: Did you just have one teacher for each of the two-grade classrooms in the elementary

school?

Ray: Yes, there were four teachers there. Mrs. King was our first and second grade teacher; little Miss Spears was the third and fourth; Miss Henderson, fifth and sixth; and I didn't know the seventh and eighth grade teacher because I didn't go to Ophir for sixth grade. Then they quit seventh, eighth and ninth and sent them to Tooele. By the way, Miss Henderson, named Gertrude, had real blond curls and was the object of my first crush. She was my fifth grade teacher, my last teacher at Ophir.

KI: You lived in Ophir until you were twelve, is that correct?

Ray: Yes.

KI: Then where did you go?

Ray: To Bingham Canyon. Ophir mines, like Mercur and West Dip, just fizzled out and there wasn't much demand for electricity there because most of the people moved away. Even today Ophir is a beautiful canyon and a few people have summer homes up there. Fewer still stay year-round. Their electricity is piped in by Utah Power and Light from other plants. Utah Power doesn't have any more of those little plants in operation anywhere. But at that time there were several of them.

But, like I say, at age twelve, we all moved to Bingham Canyon. I was only in Tooele a very short time. The new kid at school is most always a curiosity and usually popular for a while. For this reason, I'm sure, I was elected sixth grade class president, though I'd never so much as seen before any of the students. That was short-lived, however, because it was soon obvious that our school bus arrived a very short time before school commenced, and left to take us home immediately after school. Meetings of class officers was an after-school activity, so I abdicated.

KI: Did Tooele have a high school?

Ray: Yes, there was a splendid high school. Bingham also had a good high school, but the student body outgrew it. In 1931 Bingham opened it's brand new, beautiful high school in Copperton, at the mouth of Bingham Canyon. As a matter of fact, when I got to ninth grade, my ninth grade was the first class to start in the brand new school. Bingham Canyon just didn't have room for such a fine school in the limited space of the canyon. Are you familiar with Copperton at all?

KI: I've only just heard of it.

***Ray: It's a community just outside the mouth of the canyon. Kennecott Copper, it was called Utah Copper at that time, built this beautiful community of homes. They had parks built there and ball diamonds and tennis courts, just the nicest accommodations for employees who would rent the homes. It wasn't nearly big enough for all their employees, but I guess the favored ones, the ones that had the longevity and were good people, and maybe an asset to the company, got the first bid on those for very reasonable rentals. The local high officials lived there.

All the homes in Copperton were shingled with copper shingles. I guess they did it as kind of an advertising ploy for copper. I've never heard predictions, but I think those shingles will be there forever. I don't know how expensive they are, but if you tried to buy them today, I imagine they'd be really expensive.

KI: By the time you made it to Bingham, had your older brother already graduated from high school?

Ray: Oh, yes, and he went on to the University of Utah. Beatrice got to go to Tooele, as did Max, because she was three years younger than Gordon. Bea graduated from Tooele High after her junior and senior years there. Max went to Tooele High his sophomore year and until November of his junior year. So he had part of his junior year and graduated from Bingham. I had only three months of sixth grade in Tooele so I finished that year in Bingham and all subsequent years through high school graduation.

Gordon and Beatrice were already at the University of Utah. By the time Max got to the U., Gordon was in medical school there, which then taught only the first two years of medical school.

After I started school in Bingham, I had attended school in Ophir, Tooele and Bingham all within eight months and I had three siblings at the university.

KI: It was 1929 then. Did your dad have any problems? You were in Bingham; the copper mine wouldn't have shut down because of the Depression, would it? Did he do okay during the Depression?

Ray: Well, yes and no. Because Dad had been plagued with silicosis, he said, "Whatever it takes, if it kills me, I want all you kids to get an education because I don't want any of you to have to work in the mines and have the problem I have." So from the earliest day I can remember, it was understood that we were all going to go to college and seek a profession or vocation.

He wasn't making a lot of money and we all really skimped. Mother and Dad went without a lot of things to see that we could get to college. As an example, Dad drove an old, secondhand Model T Ford that was made in 1917 and here it was 1929, '30, '31 and so on, and he still drove it until Bea came back to teach in Bingham, where she taught for thirty-plus years. The Model T was just about extinct at that time (1933). Dad would drive it up the street of Bingham and the kids would holler, "Park that thing and get a horse!" To my knowledge, there was not another [Model T] in Bingham. Because of the Depression, it was hard to get steady work and go to school, but we all worked.

My beloved sister Beatrice worked while going to the U. She got a job in a home like we had never seen. She kept house: day-to-day cleaning, straightening, making breakfast and dinner for the family of four, making beds and doing the laundry. To arrange a college schedule and find some time for study required her to take longer to graduate. After board and room were deducted from her pay, there wasn't a lot left for tuition and books.

While I was going to high school and college, I worked for J.C. Penney's, Skaggs, Johnson Market, Kennecott Copper, Utah Power and Light, Christensen Construction Company, Salt Lake County road department, and played the school's sousaphone in a dance band. I've never known of another sousaphone in a dance band.

KI: What did you do in Bingham?

Ray: I delivered handbills house to house for the merchants when I was twelve and thirteen. When I was a little older, I got jobs at the copper company, power company and construction company.

KI: In those days, when you made income like that, did you just turn all your money over to your parents?

Ray: No. We put it in our own account in the bank, then when we'd go to college, we'd draw it out. It didn't last very long. On the track gang for Kennecott Copper I had no skills of any kind. With the construction companies, I'd do night watchman or cleaning, fueling and greasing the trucks and steam shovels and things like that. In the daytime, I'd haul tools into the shop for sharpening, and haul the dynamite around to the people that handled it. For labor the pay was \$3.20 for an eight-hour day. That didn't go very far. It would get us through the first semester is all. Then it was gone.

Dad and Mother had been frugal from the day they were married and had been putting some money away into what was called a Building and Loan Association. I don't know how it worked, but they'd get the money back sometime. When all of us would run out of money and we were still in school and there were no resources, Dad and Mom cashed in the building and loan account.

My older brother, particularly at that time, was the one that most needed it. He wanted to go into medicine, but he decided that that was too long and too expensive and there was no money to do it. And the folks said, "If you'll stick it out, we'll stick with you until the last." That wasn't the last thing they did, there was more. They sold that account and they got about a dollar out of ten from the Building and Loan Association. It was practically nothing, but it helped. The next thing they did, they'd been buying a lot in Magna that they wanted to build on when they retired. They sold that lot. Then they had nothing except a low daily wage and a whole family that wanted to succeed. That's all we had. They were mighty proud about that. Their joy seemed to make all their sacrifice worth it. Words cannot express our gratitude for our parents' sacrifices and support in every way.

KI: That's a great legacy and here you are telling me about it today, see, so we'll keep their memory alive.

Ray: God bless them.

KI: Absolutely. Well, tell me about your high school. What did you do in high school that you liked to do?

Ray: I had a lot of fun in high school. I went out for football and the first night out I broke a rib.

KI: This was in the days when you didn't have a lot of padding, right?

Ray: No, there wasn't, and we played on a dirt field with pebbles all over it. It wasn't just soft dirt or sand or anything like that. It wasn't lawn. It was dirt and rocks. The way I broke the rib, John Pollock was the best player the team ever had while I was in school, and I tackled him. I had his legs in my arms against my chest and he fell forward and I fell on his feet. Those hard, cleated shoes just dug in me and cracked a rib. But I think it was probably a good thing, because I needed to work instead of play football. So I gave it up. But as a matter of fact, I did wait until Dr. Frazier told me it was okay to go back and try again, which I did. I went on the football field and held the ball up to make a drop kick. I gave a mighty kick and, wow, that rib popped again. It wasn't healed. It just snapped again, like the first time. So then I gave up for sure.

But, like I say, it was good, because I went up to town and got a job after school. I always had a job. At Christmas time I'd get jobs at J.C. Penney's, but most of the time I'd work at Skaggs. I don't know if they still have Skaggs anymore, it turned into Safeway. It was Skaggs, then Skaggs-Safeway, and then Safeway. I worked for them until I was older and would be hired for better, but still meager, pay. But \$3.20 for a day's work wasn't as ridiculous as it sounds now. The equivalent would be \$35 to \$40 today.

At Safeway, I'd work long, long hours. On payday, the miners would stock up for two weeks to a month. So the terrible combinations occurred when the miners' payday coincided with a Saturday and in the last few days before Christmas. We'd start at 5 a.m. and still be going strong after midnight. We would be delivering monthly groceries and related items, often with deep snow on the steep, endless stairways, to houses which appeared to be stacked on one another. Our pant legs would be solid ice, except the ice would crunch at the knee joints. These families were accustomed to the late deliveries of huge crates of merchandise. We'd often encounter eight or so different languages on these visits.

The irony of all that was that a year or more after I'd quit working for Safeway, some of the officials came out to Bingham and wanted to interview me. They asked me a lot of questions about how much the manager paid me. I won't mention his name, but he's dead now. They wanted to know how much he paid me and how he went about paying me, when he signed the voucher, after he gave me the money or before he gave me the money, all those questions. They never told me exactly how much, but they let me know that he'd been paying himself a lot more of my money than he ever paid me.

He'd have me sign a blank voucher, then after he handed me some cash out of the till, he would fill out the voucher, which I'd already signed. They let me know that he would state on the voucher that he had paid me much more than he actually had, so the difference went into his own pocket. Nevertheless, the officials never volunteered to make it right with me.

I always felt uncomfortable about the manager's procedure, but I feared he'd fire me if I questioned him. I was almost sorry I'd cooperated with the officials since they didn't even offer to pay me for the hour-long interview.

KI: I was afraid that was going to be the end of the story. That's too bad.

Ray: Well, he lost his job. By the time I was interviewed, he'd already moved to Salt Lake and was a manager of a Safeway store in Salt Lake, but they fired him. This was at least a year after I'd been working elsewhere. That experience always left a kind of a bitter taste. I liked the guy because he'd always give me a job.

KI: Because he was taking half your salary!

Ray: Yes, he was doing that. It might have been half or more. I don't know how much, but they said it was significantly more than I was getting.

KI: What subjects did you like when you were in high school?

Ray: In high school I liked geometry, English, and auto mechanics, if you can imagine that. I was thinking about when I was in Ophir. In Ophir I liked spelling and math, as much math as we had by fifth grade. When we got to geometry, I liked that. I didn't care much for algebra, but I kind of blamed the teacher for not knowing how to teach me.

The sorry thing that happened was that the school board went broke the year I was taking algebra and they had to shut down all of Jordan School District a month or more early. So I was never given a certification that I'd ever had algebra. When I got to the university, I had to start with Algebra 1, which was the same algebra I would have had in high school. But in college I got an A in that algebra, the same one that I had a dickens of a time with in high school. So I really think the teacher didn't know how to put the material across so I could understand it.

KI: Did you do well in high school, in general?

Ray: In high school, yes. I don't think I made the honor roll more than a time or two, but I really didn't have my mind too much on that as a goal. I needed to have a job after school and on Saturdays, and also, I was having too much fun with a lot of things, band, glee club and Miners' Club. I was with the group that started the Miners' Club.

I didn't work evenings every night after school and weekends, but I did do that frequently, and afterward I'd often opt for the pillow instead of my books.

KI: What did you do with the Miners' Club?

Ray: We'd have treks occasionally. We'd go to Liberty Park or to the teacher's home that sponsored the club, or we would organize a party over in Copperton Park, or things like that. We'd sometimes arrange to have some kind of a program number on the assemblies, anything to get us favorable attention. Business officials would talk to us about their educational requirements. It was fun.

We started a glee club the year I was a freshman. I liked to sing. I got in the band, played a sousaphone. I started that earlier when we were going to school up in Bingham Canyon proper, before we went to Copperton. Up there, I played a tuba that would sit across the lap. But the one I had in Copperton was one of these big sousaphones with the bell out here, two feet across. We'd go places for parades and celebrations and competitions, things like that, marching, and here's this big old sousaphone around my neck. The guy next to me had a little flute and he'd always ridicule me, carrying that big old monster. He had only this little flute or sometimes a piccolo that would fit in his jacket pocket.

I was the one who nominated the name for our vocal group, the Vocalodeons, a male chorus of about sixteen voices. We all would wear our white sweaters whenever we'd perform anyplace. The name Vocalodeons was too long to decorate the sweaters, so we used a harp with a

few musical notes as our logo on the sweaters.

Our English and composition class wanted to print a weekly newspaper, but the hangover of the Depression vetoed that idea. However, we decided that we would put out a single handmade paper and place it in the big trophy case at the school entry. We had separate columns or sections for items such as sports, entertainment, gossip, current events, humor, advertising, and want ads. Photographs were used liberally. Class members would submit articles for any heading. The class would vote on the most appropriate articles to fit into the paper's layout.

Since Bingham life was centered around the copper mines, I visualized the many huge electric shovels scooping up trainload after trainload of copper ore, which provided the paycheck for most Binghamites. The fallout from the copper business influenced almost every phase of life in Bingham. I thought the name "Copper Dust" would be a good name for the our paper. When I proposed that name, our teacher, Helen Candland, suspended voting and declared "Copper Dust" to be the name without a class vote. Something about that name really pleased her and she declared me to be her pride and joy. I took a lot of ribbing from the class for a long time.

KI: That's fun!

Ray: It was. The high school years were really hectic on occasion, though. My junior year was very good and very bad. I had lived in Ophir where we were so isolated that I didn't get exposed much to the childhood diseases. I didn't have the measles, the mumps, the chickenpox or any of those darn things. But I got them all in my junior year in high school. I was junior class president at the same time, and we had the junior prom to put on.

We'd have assemblies planned and I was usually the master of ceremonies or had some responsibility for the assembly. But I'd get these funny looking kid diseases every time. I'd get up in the morning, look in the mirror, then I'd run down to see Dr. Frazier, and he'd say, "You've got chickenpox, go home," or "You've got the measles or mumps or pink eye, stay home." I had them all that junior year. That really intruded on a lot of my fun that year. I took a lot of ribbing and was the brunt of many jokes. But I still had a lot of fun as president of the junior class. The Junior Prom topped it off.

I think we put on the nicest junior prom that they'd had there for a long, long time. But I'm a little partial on that. We had decided that at the prom's promenade, we'd have a prom queen and the queen would march at the head of the procession with the class president, and that would be me.

The first day of school at Bingham, I had met Helen. She was on her way home after school, and I caught up with her. We'd had a very brief conversation, when all of a sudden she disappeared. I looked to see where she'd gone and she'd gone up some steps onto the porch of her house. It was right near the sidewalk. Anyway, I kind of warmed up to her the next day and we've been kind of interested in each other ever since. That was 1929. That was seventy-five years ago last November. We were married in '38, sixty-six years last October (2003).

KI: Did she end up being the prom queen?

Ray: Oh, my, yes. She ended up being prom queen. Here's the details: the prom committee knew we had to raise money because we wanted to put on the best prom Bingham High had ever had. So we knew we would need to hire the best band we could get out of Salt Lake City and put up

the best decorations and all.

The prom was going to be on Friday the thirteenth. So that would be the theme, supposedly unlucky stuff and all that, except all those “bad” omens would signify good fortune, not bad luck. We decorated in white and black plus we had broken mirrors, black cats, umbrellas opened, ladders and upside-down horseshoes. You had to walk under a ladder and step on painted “cracks” to get into the dance hall, which was the gymnasium. There were a lot of wall decorations and turning lights. It was going to take a lot of money. Anyway, our perception of the need was *a lot*.

So I envisioned two problems: I’ve got to get the money and, somehow, Helen’s got to be the queen because I don’t want to be promenading with anybody else. So in the meeting of the prom committee, I suggested that we sell tickets to the prom and each person that sold tickets would get one vote per ticket for the queen. They thought that was pretty good. We thought we’d raise a lot of money and get quite a bit of interest from the public. Ticket sellers would promote the prom door to door.

The selection of queen would depend on the votes from selling tickets. So as soon as we decided that would be the procedure, I went right out and started selling tickets. I went to Lark and to Herriman, and I went to Copperfield, then I went to Highland, and went to the community called U.S. and to Bingham proper and canvassed every door where someone was home. I couldn’t do it all at once so other sellers arrived at a lot of the homes before I did.

KI: At the time anybody could come to the prom, right? You guys were in charge of it, but the whole community could come to the prom?

Ray: Oh, yes, the whole community was invited. In fact we had a little booth, all decorated nicely for occupancy by a special guest from the community. This special booth had a nice sofa and a few upholstered chairs so the friends of this special guest could stop by and visit and pay their respects. Every year they’d select some special seniors from the community to be invited as honored guests. This year it was Dr. Paul Richards and his wife who had that honorary position. So, yes, the public was invited to come. It was Dr. Richards with whom Dr. [Tyrrell] Seager was associated before coming to Vernal. It was the same Dr. Richards who delivered my daughter while I was in New Guinea.

I sold tickets beau coup. I had money coming out of my ears. So I come to the polling booth and they said, “How many votes have you got?” I got out my money bag and poured out two or three hundred dollars. That was a lot of money in 1934; worth two or three thousand dollars today. It was much more than anybody else had. Helen got a bushel of other votes besides mine, so there was really no contest. Anyway, we led the promenade together and she was radiantly beautiful and blushing that I had made such a fuss over her.

KI: When you were a senior were you also in student government?

Ray: No, I ran for student body president and I didn’t win. Some of the other students wanted me to be their campaign manager, so I worked for some other students. Pete Spiros, for instance, was running for the office of junior class president, which he won. No, I was defeated, and Rudolph Lund, one of my very best friends, was student body president. Rudy was a mountain of a man and a fine student and ranked high in sports. He made all-state football center. My senior year I

was student photographer for our 1935 yearbook, the first one the school had had in several years due to the Depression.

KI: When did you graduate?

Ray: 1935. We moved to Bingham in 1929 when I was still in the sixth grade. I'd had less than three months of sixth grade in Tooele and moved to Bingham for the rest of sixth grade. In Bingham Canyon I also went to seventh and eighth grade, then the new high school was ready when the fall came. So mine was the first class that went all the way through the new high school, from ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth.

It was deficient in one respect in the fact that they ran out of money before they built the auditorium. So we didn't have an auditorium until some time after I graduated. So all the productions we put on were in the gymnasium. But it was a nice gymnasium. It didn't accommodate many seats on the main floor for games, just mainly the teams and officials and whatnot. Then up a little higher, in the balcony, the seats went back, oh, ten or more rows. So there was plenty of accommodation there for a pretty sizeable group for the school plays and operettas and things of that kind. I did participate both in seventh and eighth grade and in high school student assemblies and stage productions.

KI: Did you sing in operettas?

Ray: Yes. I never did have the lead part. They wanted a tenor for those parts, but I could sing bass. If they had any occasion for a bass singer, why, I'd sing. I sang a brief, very brief, solo or two, here and there, but I've loved to sing since I can remember. When I was just a little kid, my parents would have me sing to entertain their guests. I love to sing in the shower and bathtub, the hospital delivery room, and anywhere I can sing or whistle. But I sound best if I'm singing with a quartet or other group. I don't have a solo voice. In fact, right now I don't have a voice of any kind.

KI: After you graduated, you went to the University of Utah?

Ray: Yes.

KI: Did all of your brothers and your sister graduate from the U. of U.?

Ray: Yes, all of us.

KI: When did you decide you wanted to go into medicine?

Ray: Probably the day my older brother decided, with my parents' blessing, that he'd give his best effort to make it through medicine. He'd wanted to go into medicine, but he didn't talk much about it because he just figured that was beyond all reach. Mother and Dad could see how much it was eating on him. He had signed up at the U. of U. and taken a few quarters with engineering in mind. My parents sat down with Gordon and said, "You apply for medicine, you start out and get the undergraduate things you need for medicine. Somehow we're going to get

you through. There's no need wasting time and resources in engineering. If you want to be a doctor, be a doctor." Student loans then were a concept waiting to be conceived. So when he decided to go that way, I thought, "Well, if he can do it, I can do it." Everything he did, I wanted to do.

When he went down to Richfield to live with Uncle Jim Spendlove, he was real nice about writing letters home. I just hungered and waited for those letters. I learned of everything he did. I knew all the lyrics to all the songs in the operettas he was in. I knew all his friends by first and last name, where they lived and everything about them. In fact, for his ninety-fifth birthday recently, I sent a videotape telling him all about those things I remembered. I named all his buddies from high school and his girlfriends and recalled all the things he used to do. I thanked him for being my guiding star. I didn't have the dilemma that most kids have deciding on a career. There are so many things to choose from, but I knew. I didn't have that worry at all; I knew.

I recalled for him his group of buddies which they called "The Four Horsemen." I named their names, among whom was the local, now deceased, LaRel Anderson, who owned and operated the meat packing plant on Vernal Avenue. His wife and their sons still live here.

KI: Was he helpful to you when you were going through medical school?

Ray: No, only moral support. He had gone through medical school and was practicing up in Seattle, too far away to help me one on one. He was nine years ahead of me, so he was long gone. So he wasn't anywhere where he could give me anything except moral support, but the knowledge that he'd made it gave me the confidence I needed. But without my dear wife's many ways of support, and my parents' faith and support, I don't know if I'd have stuck it out. Many of my high school friends had taken jobs, married, and were driving fancy cars. I didn't own a car until I came to Vernal after the war.

KI: Did your brother specialize?

Ray: Yes. He took his internship up in Seattle at Harbor View Hospital, then he stayed on and took a surgical residency. So then he went into private practice as a surgeon in Seattle. When World War II came along, he left his thriving practice and volunteered. I say volunteered, because he had a family then, so I think his service would only have been volunteer. So he went into the military. He never did leave the shores of this country, but he was in military hospitals from Texas to Florida and all over the place. I think he was retained stateside because he was blind in one eye, as was my sister, Beatrice.

KI: How long did it take you to finish school?

Ray: I graduated in 1942 from medical school in Louisville, Kentucky. I started my first year of medicine at the University of Utah in the fall of 1938, the same October we were married. I got into medical school my fourth year of college, saving me one year. I'd gotten enough credits to apply for medical school so that I could get in my fourth year. So my total college, medical school and internship was eight years.

KI: So you and Helen were already married?

Ray: Yes, and I've got to tell you the story. When Helen graduated high school she went to LDS Business College. Of course, I started at the U. Then she graduated and went to work for the Utah State government, up at the state capitol. I was still up at school at the U. So we decided we'd get married during the Thanksgiving break, 1938, that first year in medicine. We'd gone to the bishop and made all the plans. As it got pretty close to that date, we got word from the headquarters of the Church that the temple was going to close before Thanksgiving and it would be closed well into the next year for remodeling. So we had to move our date up. We picked a Friday. I figured I could go to school Friday, the twenty-first of October, then get down to the temple and we'd get married, and have a Saturday and Sunday "honeymoon."

So that's what we did. On Friday, October 21, 1938, I left my last class with my books in a big briefcase and caught the 13th East/South Temple streetcar and went down to the temple. Helen's aunt had taken her there and my father and mother were there. They'd come in that old Model T Ford, so they were waiting there, and we were married.

The change in wedding date was not a problem just for us. Out of the blue, there were dozens of couples that had the same problem. They had wanted to get married during Thanksgiving or Christmas, or anytime during the remodeling schedule, so they were all moving it up or back or going to another temple. This particular night, oh, you've never seen such a mob. I thought we'd never get out of the temple. It was after one o'clock in the morning when we got out. We were never sure whether we were married on the twenty-first or the twenty-second of October because it took so long getting out of there.

KI: But you started on the twenty-first.

Ray: We started on the twenty-first and that's what the certificate says. But I'm almost sure it was the twenty-second. We'd have left there before one-thirty, it seems, if it had been the twenty-first.

KI: Did you have a party or anything?

Ray: Helen's aunt, who lived fairly close, had planned a little reception and had some things to serve, but we were so weary and tired. We went to her place and she served refreshments, but everybody wanted to get home, we were just tired to death. So it was just a very brief get-together afterwards.

We had a non-LDS friend, Robert Colyar, who couldn't go into the temple with us. He was quite a bit older than we were, but he had taken us under his wing, so to speak, and was a real friend. He wanted to be part of it. When we came out, he was waiting out there in his car with a bouquet of roses. He'd been waiting there since about eight o'clock. He thought it was going to be a short thing. He came by our little reception briefly.

KI: You thought it would be short, too!

Ray: He was about dead tired like the rest of us. On the coming Monday I was having mid-term tests at school. I had the weekend for a honeymoon and preparations for Monday's tests. As a

matter of fact, Helen mentioned this wherever we went: “ We actually had a skeleton in our closet.” And we did.

KI: You were doing anatomy, huh?

Ray: Yep, and anatomy was one of the things we were having tests on on Monday. A lot of people have cute little remarks about that. They said, “Well, you have a good subject to work on over the weekend! Learn your anatomy!”

KI: Did she have an apartment where she was living that you moved into?

Ray: No, we just picked out a place we could afford, mostly she could afford. It was totally unsatisfactory. We were only there a couple of days. [The next place] was in a home that wasn’t brand new, but they’d made a nice little apartment that *was* brand new up in the attic. It was very small. We were the first ones to live there. It was tiny, but it was cute and neat and clean. The reason we fizzled on the first place, and we didn’t have much time to look and hunt for a place, was we had to share the bathroom. It had a door on our side and a door on the family side. We had to share that common bathroom. Well, the first day, somebody on the other side forgot to unlock it on our side. So, there were problems right off the bat. I had to go ring their doorbell and say, “Let me in the bathroom.” We decided we were not staying there another night. We were not going to put up with that kind of stuff.

So anyway, we got the [other] little place. It was so compact that it had a pull-out bed and when it was pulled out, it was within inches of the kitchen door, so there wasn’t room to squeeze out of or into the kitchen. I had a friend named George Gasser. I’ve got his recent obituary notice out there on the table. He and I would study together at night. Sometimes the sun would come up in the morning and shine in the east window on us. But when he’d go home, he’d have to climb over that half of the bed to get out of the kitchen and to our front door. As soon as we’d start to study, of course there was no TV then and we couldn’t have anything distracting or noisy, so Helen would read or write or just go to bed early. So George would have to climb out over that pull-out bed to get out and go home.

KI: It sounds like that whole apartment could fit in this living room, huh?

Ray: I’m confident the square footage of that total apartment would be less than this room, yes. I’d never seen such a little bathroom and cute, little bathtub. The best we could say about it was that it was a cute, little place.

KI: Did Helen continue to work for the state while you were in medical school?

Ray: Yes, she worked there until we left Utah. I only took two years of medical school in Utah. It was after World War II that Utah started teaching the last two years of medical school. They taught only the first two years until then. So as soon as we finished two years, we had to find another place. Since my brother had gotten his M.D. in Louisville, Kentucky, that’s where I applied and was accepted. We put all we owned into luggage bags and got on a Greyhound bus and went to Louisville.

We had no prior arrangements there, so we parked our belongings and went looking for a place. We found a place over a movie theater, right in the heart of downtown Louisville. It was up three flights of stairs and we could hear the movies. Under our floor was the ceiling of the movie theater.

We shared that place with roaches. Oh, we'd never had any trouble like that before so we were just heartsick about the cockroaches. But the branch president of our church, Herman Bauman, who had an awning factory in the outskirts of Louisville, came to visit us and saw our situation and he said, "You kids don't have to live here. I've got a lot of space up over my awning shop. I'll build you an apartment there and you won't be bothered with roaches."

He went right to work and in a couple of weeks he had a bedroom and a kitchen, but again, we had to share a bathroom. That gave us no problems there. Our kitchen opened out onto the roof of his awning business where we had a porch, a nice feature. It was all brand new. Everything was new. The Baumans were a godsend to us. That's where we lived until I graduated and completed an internship at the University of Louisville Medical School, three years.

KI: You went into general practice, right?

Ray: Yes, but not until I had spent three years in the military and come back. Then I came out to Vernal and went into general practice. I had applied to several places for a residency in OB/GYN, but the war, due to the atomic bomb, came to a halt abruptly. I thought we were going to be fighting the Japs for a long time, but suddenly there was Nagasaki and Hiroshima and the war's over. I got amoebic dysentery and was hospitalized while I was still in Japan. It was some time before I could get applications out. I didn't have addresses or anything with me in Japan. I'd sent home to get addresses for all these places, then I sent applications. The best offer I got was for a two-year delay. They had backlogs of applications for at least two years.

So, a family doctor in Bingham, Dr. R.G. Frazier, had some advice for me. He was well known in Vernal. He knew Rice Cooper, the owner of Vernal Drug, and he knew Henry Millecam, owner of Millecam's Hotel 40 [later Dine-a-Ville Motel] and he knew Dr. Eskelson, who was inundated by his intense medical practice due to an oil boom and the fact that Dr. John Clark had gone to war and didn't come back to Vernal.

KI: Wasn't this the Dr. Frazier that used to come out here and run the river?

Ray: That he was.

KI: Thanks. I've read about him.

Ray: Well, he went with Admiral Bird to Antarctica and set up Little America. He was the surgeon with that endeavor. He had run all the major whitewater rivers in the United States. He also knew the Vernal Hatches very well. They were prominent river runners. Don and Bus Hatch were synonymous with river running in the Basin and in the Grand Canyon. They and Dr. Frazier were close friends.

KI: Yes, what I read about him was in connection with the Hatches.

Ray: In fact, at the request of local doctors, he'd see patients once in a while when he was out here. Anyway, he said, "Dr. Eskelson is just absolutely going crazy out there. They have an oil boom going on out there." Dr. Frazier wrote three letters of introduction for me: one to Dr. Eskelson, one to Rice Cooper and one to Henry Millecam. Did you know any of these great people?

KI: Henry Millecam was a mayor and I know of Rice Cooper.

Ray: Yes, and Millecam built [what was later called] Dine-a-Ville Motel. It was the place where the pink dinosaur was originally. I think Dr. Frazier maybe gave me a letter to Don Showalter, the one that then ran the Showalter Ford automobile dealership. Anyway, I stayed my first night in Vernal in the home of Don Showalter's mother. I still remember what a sweet cordial lady she was.

I took the letters around and met all the people. When I went in to Dr. Eskelson's office (his waiting room wasn't very big, about twelve by twelve feet), it was packed. There were many seated, but more people were standing than there were seats and they were just waiting. Dr. Eskelson begged me to go into one of the exam rooms and start working right then. I said, "Well, I've got a family. I've got a daughter that's a year and half old that I have barely seen." She was born while I was New Guinea.

KI: Where were they? Where had they spent the war?

Ray: In Bingham. Her parents lived there and my parents lived there.

KI: So, you hadn't gone back to Bingham before you came to Vernal?

Ray: Oh, yes. I had come back from the war to Bingham because Helen had a little apartment there. My parents were still there and her parents were there. Her little apartment, next to her parents, gave her some independence. So, I just went to the apartment she already had and spent Christmas there.

While there, I started looking around for a satisfactory place to practice. My plan to come to Vernal was totally initiated by Dr. Frazier. I'm not sure I'd ever even heard the name of Vernal before Dr. Frazier. The newspapers and radio stations may have been commenting on the oil boom here, but there was no raft of TV channels covering everything that happened in the entire state on a daily basis.

But yes, I'd spent some time visiting family and friends in Bingham and Salt Lake City, and I'd also been exploring for a likely place to practice during the two years until an OB/GYN residency became available.

KI: Thank you. I thought you said you hadn't seen your daughter yet. I didn't understand.

Ray: I should have said I had hardly seen her. I didn't see her until she was a year and a half old.

KI: And you weren't ready to leave your family again.

Ray: Right. They were still in Bingham and I came out alone to look Vernal over. Dr. Eskelson desperately wanted me to stay. So I said, “Well, I’ve got to get my wife and daughter and get some civilian clothes.” I was still in uniform then. So he said, “Go get her and get back as fast as you can.” He was really a weary man. He was seeing so many patients that the best he could do was sit down and write a prescription and advise them. He didn’t have time to do much examining at all. It wasn’t fair to him and it wasn’t fair to his patients. Cutting that practice in half by my coming wasn’t noticeably better because we were both still just swamped.

Let me give you an explanation of why I was still in uniform. When I was released from the Army, I was invited to remain in the service and was told that a promotion should shortly follow if I did. That wasn’t my desire, but it was one option. I didn’t want to invest in a new wardrobe if I might be staying in the Army. I wore my uniform until the day I started practice in Vernal, which was the same day my option to stay in the military expired.

KI: What year did you come here after the war?

Ray: I came here the first of February 1946, and my first day of practice was the fourth or fifth. My option to remain in the military expired the fifth of February.

KI: Then Dr. Seager came just a few months later?

Ray: Yes, when I came, he was in Bingham practicing with Dr. Paul Richards, who, with his wife, were the honored guests at our prom in 1934. While he was in Bingham, he worked in Dr. Richards’ hospital. Dr. Richards delivered our daughter, Leslie.

My wife got to know Dr. Seager’s wife, Dorothy. She was a nurse there. So, they got to be friends and Helen would visit at the Seagers’ residence, so she also got to know Dr. Seager quite well. When I came out here and saw this rat race, I thought, “Who else can we get to help?” We were really hurting for more help. I’d met Dr. Seager and Helen knew them well. So I called him on the phone and told him about the situation here and invited him to come out. He did and he spent a little time exploring the mountains, lakes, the interesting geology, the flora and the fauna, which all appealed to him. Thank the Lord.

KI: The mountains, that was the first draw for him.

Ray: He thought, “Vernal and its surroundings is a wonderful place.” So he decided to come right away. That was July, 1946. Many times during the years following, I’ve had occasions in different meetings, Lions Club, Kiwanis Club and whatever it might happen to be, to either introduce or make comments about Dr. Seager. I’d tell the audience, “You know, I brought Dr. Seager into the world. Yes, I was there when he first came into the world.” They knew he was a little older than I was, nine years to be exact, so they’d chuckle about it. I’d say, “No, I’m serious, I really brought him into the world—of the Uinta Basin—and he loved it, and he stayed here. The best thing I’ve ever done for the Uinta Basin was to bring Dr. Seager here.” I’ve had a little ongoing fun over the years with that story.

KI: That’s great. I’d like to back up and talk about the war for a while. You were in the paratroopers, right?

Ray: Right.

KI: Why did you decide to do that?

Ray: Well, when I was interning, I was paid \$9 a month. Of course, my wife was working at Seagram's, in Louisville. She had a good secretarial job, operating machines that were the forerunners of today's computers. So she was working there; but as an intern, I was making a whole \$9 a month. I and all embryo doctors were deferred from the military until we graduated and completed an internship. Then the military said, "We want you!" I never had any hesitation about going and doing my duty.

I was given orders to report to Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania, but I had to wait a little while because there were so many doctors graduating and piling up that the Officers' Training Battalion couldn't handle all of them. So I spent my delay time working at an Army induction center in Salt Lake City, examining recent inductees.

In September I left my wife and our families in Bingham Canyon, and, by train, I went to Carlisle Barracks. It was a school just to train doctors when they entered the military so they could better cope. I spent one month and thirteen days there.

While I was at Carlisle Barracks, we were shown training films that contained exciting pictures of paratroopers. They invited any doctors interested to volunteer for the paratroops. One of the perks for joining the paratroops was that the officers would get an extra \$100 a month for what they called jump pay. The enlisted men would get an extra \$50. After my \$9, that sounded like a lot of money. We'd been living pretty skimpily. So I thought an extra hundred bucks couldn't hurt. I can't remember what the basic salary was when I went in as a First Lieutenant, they capped it later, but I can surely remember the extra hundred bucks. I volunteered, but I thought, "How am I going to tell Helen?" She was still in Bingham, so I didn't tell her.

The day after I arrived, I watched eight hundred doctors graduate. When we graduated, there were five hundred of us in the class. Five hundred doctors! They turned out that many or more every two weeks. That was the thing that opened my eyes to the enormity of the war. If they needed that many doctors every couple of weeks, something big was going on somewhere.

Anyway, from Carlisle I went to Fort Benning, in Georgia. That's where the parachute training school was. The Army wanted to communicate with me regarding paratroop service and they sent the communication to Bingham. So the cat was out of the bag. I was in the paratroops and in the dog house. Helen wasn't very happy with me at all. Anyway, I invited her to come down to Georgia because I knew I was supposed to be there four weeks.

Parachute training has A, B, C, and D stages. As it turned out for me, I was there more like seven weeks because the first week was so terribly difficult for me. Having been a student for so many years, I was softer than a marshmallow. Most of the enlisted men and non-medical officers who volunteered for the paratroops were people who had at least been through basic training somewhere else. Many of them had been in different military units anywhere in the world where the US had troops. When these men volunteered, they'd be sent to parachute school at Fort Benning. So a lot of them had been in the military for a some time. There weren't many, if any, there as soft as I was. There weren't many doctors at all.

The first week started with physical exercise, running and tumbling and push-ups and everything you can think of physical. I couldn't keep up in the run. They'd run for an hour steady

and then they'd double time to catch their breath. Then they'd run some more. I couldn't do it. Before I even started, the officials in authority at the school dispensary invited me to skip all that tough physical stuff. They said, "We're short on doctors in the parachute units and the reason we're short is that they start stage A, then they give up. They take back their volunteer; they don't want to go any farther." They said, "We can't have that. So if you want to skip A, B and C stages and go into D stage where you actually do some parachute jumping, you can. We'd rather have you do that than back out entirely."

KI: But you'd get hurt, wouldn't you?

Ray: I'm certain bad things could happen. I said, "Not for me. If we're going to be in combat and I've got to keep up with these guys wherever they go, I want to be in condition to keep up with them. I need to go through A, B, and C stages, whatever it takes." I said, "If you're willing to work with me and be a little patient and let me take what time is required, I'll get through it."

So they let me do that. I went at my own pace, going as hard as I figured I could go before I would take a breather. So I took A stage again. Then I was so physically worn I couldn't even get into B stage. They saw I was making good progress, however, so they let me go through A stage again, the third time, but just taking it as I could. They made arrangements with the drill sergeant that if I had to drop out, that was okay. They let me drop out, then get back in when I could. Finally, I got through A stage after three weeks instead of one. I was able, at the end of three weeks, to keep up with everyone else.

Then B stage, that was a lot easier. We still had physical activities, all the way through, but it got easier. Then C stage was easier still. We had to learn to fold our own parachutes. The chute we jumped with we had to fold, so we had to make sure it was good and right.

You may be interested in the actual procedure in preparing for and making a parachute jump in military training and in actual combat. I hope my description is not too tedious to understand.

Parachute jumping has evolved considerably since 1944-45 and today's sport and recreational jumping is another whole ball game. But there is more to getting oneself out of the airplane and safely on the ground than just jumping—or being pushed—out of the plane's cargo door and praying that all parts of your body land in the same place. At least a few chapters would be required to treat the subject comprehensively. But a brief synopsis will give somewhat of an understanding.

I will start with the parachute harness, acknowledging that there are many beside the one I became most acquainted with. It was made of heavy, high quality leather straps sewn and riveted together. These straps ran up over each shoulder and down, encircling the legs at the crotch. Other connecting straps crossed the back and front of the chest. The number of buckles was kept to a minimum to facilitate getting free of the parachute and harness quickly after landing.

On each shoulder a woven heavy strap, perhaps of nylon, would reach skyward from the harness to above the head when the parachute was inflated. These straps were called "risers" and the upper end of each riser was attached to a rather large steel ring. To the ring at the right side of the head was attached perhaps ten or twenty small woven nylon ropes called "shroud lines." The left side ring was identically rigged. Each shroud line, I'd guess to be fifteen feet long, was somehow bonded to the edge of the canopy of the parachute so the shroud lines were evenly

distributed around the circumference of the canopy. All of this gear, except the harness, must be precisely folded into a neat packet and attached to the back of the harness so it will all deploy as it should when needed.

I won't discuss any details of the reserve parachute, a smaller version worn across the lower chest, but I must mention that a cover is placed over the folded main chute and lightly laced into place to securely keep the chute in proper position on the back. Another very strong woven web strap, again I'm guessing to be about fifteen feet long, is firmly attached to the cover that is laced over the parachute. On the other end of this "static line" is a C-shaped metal clasp that can quickly be attached to a strong metal cable which runs along the roof of the airplane cabin from the cockpit door to the very back of the cargo section beyond the open plane door. Once the C-clamp is attached to the metal cable, it cannot be unintentionally removed.

When a jump is imminent, the troopers are ordered to "stand up and hook up." Each group, called a "stick," stands up facing the rear of the plane. Each man hooks the C-clamp at the end of his static line to the steel cable in the plane. The stick is then ordered: "Check equipment." Each man examines all the gear visible on the back of the soldier in front of him to assure that the parachute will deploy properly. Now the last two men of the stick have to turn about so the last man, usually number eighteen, can be checked by number seventeen. The next signal comes from the pilot. When the jump zone is about at hand, the pilot turns on a red light over the cargo door. The jumpmaster calls out: "Stand to the door." The stick moves snugly together, moving toward the rear door, and the number one man steps to the door facing outward with hands on either side of the cargo door. Remember, all the soldiers are connected to the plane cable by the static line.

At the precise spot, the pilot flips the red light to green and the jumpmaster shouts: "Go!" The first man, followed quickly by the other seventeen, jumps far out the door, trying to keep his chin on his chest so the deploying parachute pack will not knock the helmet off his head. During this first instant the jumper also presses his legs together, flexes his body moderately, and places his arms across the reserve chute, which he will release if the main chute fails to deploy properly.

At the instant the jumper leaves the door, he begins counting, "One thou-sand, two thou-sand, three thou-sand." By this moment (three seconds after jumping), the jumper should have heard a mighty snap as his parachute deploys. The fifteen-foot static line, which is connected to the C-clamp on board the airplane, is pulled taut and releases the chute. A relatively fine string from the parachute cover to the very center of the parachute canopy pulls the folded parachute away from the back of the jumper allowing the terrific propellor blast to then inflate the canopy with a bang, and the jumper's body jerks to a virtual stop in the air. He has been traveling horizontally at the same speed as the airplane, about 110 to 120 miles per hour, and falling vertically at the rate of thirty-two feet per second/per second. This means that by the time the jumper has been falling for three seconds, his drop speed has increased to ninety-six feet per second. If the jumper has not experienced all of these things after three seconds, his main chute has not opened and he must pull the rip cord of the reserve chute and begin to pray that it functions properly.

If the jumper's face has been covered by his helmet during the jump, he struggles to push it back and view the sight he has dreamed of. This is all short-lived because both training and combat jumps are made from low altitude. This allows less time in the sky to be a mark for enemy target practice. Such a precious few seconds remain before striking the earth that plans are urgent.

Depending on wind volume and direction and body language exiting the plane, etc., the jumper's body can be swinging in any direction, like the pendulum on a huge clock, or in a huge circular arc. You may find at some point that you are walking on someone else's parachute canopy, or someone may be walking on yours. If a person is on your chute, he begins sinking into the fabric, deeper and deeper. This reduces the lift on your body, so you start falling faster and faster. There are many ways for two or more parachutes to get tangled or intertwined. If your guardian angel is near you, you get disengaged and come through wearing your own dog tags and ambulating on your own power.

The kind of terrain you are obliged to land on determines the urgency of striving for a good forward landing. I described the risers that come from the harness at the shoulder and bind to the shroud lines to help you understand how a person can, to a degree, steer the parachute toward a suitable landing. It is almost always desirable to approach landing while moving forward. If the jumper is traveling backward, he can re-orient his direction to forward by reaching above and behind his head and grasping the risers on the opposite side of the head. Pulling the left one over to the right side and the right riser to the left, will cause the body to rotate up to 180 degrees, as desired. One can also turn the body partway, whatever is needed for the circumstances. It's always better to see where you are headed, but doing so is not as easy as it sounds.

The reasons for all the complexity can include heavy wind or unusual oscillation of the body as a pendulum. Coming in forward is not all that sweet if the pendulum is wildly swinging in a wide arc, nor if it is swinging intensely front to back or side to side.

Coming in forward, landing at the height of a forward swing, would bang the back of the head and body. Landing at the height of the backward swing would splatter the face and front of the body. Landing at the height of sideward oscillation, even while descending forward is hazardous to the shoulders, hips, etc. Chutes also become entangled in many ways and are thus very dangerous. Being tightly strapped to the harness and chute while also burdened with much gear, including weapons and ammunition, makes water landing highly lethal. We were trained how best to deal with all these situations.

In D stage we had to make five jumps from real airplanes, four in the daytime and one at night. But they still never let us slack off on physical exercise. When the night jump came, there was a captain medical officer who had already been in some other military unit and it was planned that he would be in the first plane and the first one to jump out the door, quickly followed by his eighteen-man "stick." That plan was no big deal, but that's the way it was. I was going to be in plane number two, the first one out the door with another eighteen-man stick behind me. But there was a snafu on signals and the pilot of the first plane failed to flip on the green light at the proper place to jump. So his plane returned to base still loaded and the second plane, with me and my stick, had the bragging rights of being first with fifteen or twenty planes following.

That's the story of jump school. I had a lot of self-satisfaction realizing that I had persevered through a pretty tough curriculum.

Another interesting thing beyond parachute school: during a night training mission, we were supposed to jump when we approached a red burning fire on the ground. When my stick landed in the dark, we found ourselves in a city dump which was intentionally being burned. I guess there was enough red flame to convince the pilot we were where we were supposed to be. Quite a few of the men got burns on their legs above the jump boots.

KI: How did you feel about jumping out of airplanes?

Ray: The first jump was the easiest, I think. After that, I knew what to expect and it was just a little spooky. It was an exhilaration that you don't get too many other ways. I never had any significant injuries jumping so I had no fear. My greatest concern was the several snafus that I learned of after joining the paratroops. For example, during the invasion of Sicily, a few hundred of our paratroopers were to fly over our battleships out to sea, and land on the southern coast of Sicily. The battleships were to shell the beaches and wipe out all resistance. Through some unbelievable mistakes, when our planes flew over to jump on Sicily, the Navy thought they were enemy and shot down and killed hundreds of paratroopers, two hundred plus were killed as I recall.

I don't think World War II is much different than other wars, but the toll from such errors accounted for thousands and thousands of dead of our own people. The majority of Americans know little of that mighty loss called friendly fire.

KI: You were attached to a group in the Pacific, right?

Ray: I was there with the entire Eleventh Airborne Division, but circumstances were such that my 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment often had assignments where we operated as a separate unit. I was right with the men. When they were in their foxholes right here, I was in my foxhole right there. I was no different than anybody else.

The medical officers didn't even wear the distinguishing cross that identified them as medics, neither did the enlisted medics. The Japanese didn't recognize the Geneva Convention. In fact, they preferred to kill medical officers because of the morale effect on the men. They were known to attack a tent hospital, go in and kill doctors and nurses, even the patients in their beds.

KI: Did they train you to use your weapon?

Ray: Yes. They had us on the firing range a lot. I've got a ringing in my ears today that I've had ever since New Guinea from firing weapons on the firing range. Something strange happened. There was an extra loud blast from my own weapon or someone else's, but my ears have rung ever since. That's sixty years. I earned the Sharpshooter's badge for skill with the 30 mm carbine on the firing range at New Guinea.

You know, in the European theater and other places, the medics didn't carry weapons. It was against the Geneva Convention. But not so in the Pacific. The Japanese didn't respect that at all. I carried a whole variety of weapons at different times. I had my choice of what I wanted, so I tried a lot of them. I wound up finally with a .45 pistol in a holster. I wasn't actively engaged in trying to shoot at anybody, but there were a few times when somebody out ahead needed what they called 'cover.' Suppose we could see one of our scouts out front being fired upon. We'd fire anywhere except where our soldiers were to keep the enemy away. I fired my weapon a few times that way just for cover for somebody, but my .45 was more for defense than offense because of its short range. I felt in my case that a weapon was needed more likely for an unexpected, close-range encounter with the enemy. I could reach it quickly from the holster. That never happened.

KI: You were in New Guinea. Where else were you?

Ray: Well, in New Guinea we did jungle training a lot. My daughter was born while we were still in New Guinea, on the nineteenth of July 1944. They sent a telegram notifying me. I didn't get it until the last day of July. The telegram went to Australia, then it was sent to New Guinea. I don't know where all it traveled around before it got to me. But it was the last of July when I got word. Then they shipped us from New Guinea to Leyte, where the return of MacArthur to the Philippines was just occurring. This was mid-November 1944.

KI: Let me ask a quick question. What was your battalion and company?

Ray: I had different battalion assignments. If some medical officer from another battalion got hurt or injured, they might change me to his battalion if I was available. But I was with the Third Battalion most of the time. The regiment was the 511th Parachute Infantry. The division was the 11th Airborne Division. (The 11th Airborne Division, 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment, Third Battalion.) The airborne divisions and regiments are all much smaller than the regular Army or the regular infantry. The latter are vastly larger in numbers. The Airborne Division includes those that come in gliders, engineers, artillery, and a lot of other things.

But the parachute regiment was strictly all parachutists and it was much smaller than ordinary regiments. The battalions were smaller and the companies were smaller. They had to be like that so we could get up and go in a hurry if they wanted us somewhere. They couldn't move a division of airborne very fast if they were in those tremendous numbers that the other units were. The smaller, the more mobile.

KI: So, you went into Leyte.

Ray: Ah, yes, we went to Leyte by ship convoy from New Guinea. The first time I'd had good food and shelter for a long time. Traveling on those ships was kind of like heaven because we ate at tables that had silverware and tablecloths and they served ice cream and all that stuff. I thought, "Boy, I'd like to live this kind of life forever."

They didn't use the term "officers mess," it was the Officers' Dining Room. The tables were even served by waiters. The officers were accorded these luxuries, but I don't think the enlisted men were quite so favored.

KI: What were you eating when you were in New Guinea?

Ray: Well, when they finally got the mess tents set up, we'd eat dehydrated potatoes and rice, many dehydrated foods. They'd cook up different things, but most of it was cooking up and warming over dehydrated stuff. If we went on a training maneuver, we'd eat K-rations, which were packaged in little cardboard boxes about like a pound of butter. They had a whole mixture of different things in them. C-rations we'd eat around camp a lot. Those foods were in cans and you could open them with an attached key can opener. We'd have biscuits, dried cakes, some meat dishes, vegetables, and things like that. C-rations were used while we were in transit, or before and after the mess tent was functional. This was when Spam was invented. Spam got a lot

of criticism, but some meat was a welcome change to many of the men.

KI: But it wasn't ice cream.

Ray: No, it wasn't ice cream! It wasn't served on china, on tables with really nice-looking napkins and things of that sort, even waiters. Those people on the ships really lived it up.

But anyway, as we went in to Leyte Gulf, there were air battles going on overhead. Our little P-38 was a very fast fighter plane that had two fuselages. One wing joined the two fuselages at the front. There was an engine and propellor at the front of each fuselage. The pilot's bubble was at the front of the wing between the two engines. It was fast. We'd see those little Japanese Zeros put-put-put-put along up there and here would come one of our P-38s, and pass it like it was standing still. Pretty soon you'd see the smoking Zeros spiraling down into the bay. That was our first sight of war. The Zeros were falling frequently. The P-38s were just so much faster and maneuverable.

The Japanese were trying some of their Kamikaze on the ships. They would fly right into a ship. One day I was on what was called a landing ship, infantry. It was one of those vessels which take you up to the beach, drop the front lid and everyone jumps out onto the beach. They were going to move us up the bay a little ways when one of these Zeros came over. There was a ship just off our right side. It was obvious that the plane was coming for that ship. Ack-ack was exploding in the air trying to shoot him down. Whether he got hit or not, I don't know, but he missed the ship. If this is the ship and he's coming like that, somehow he got turned sideways forty-five degrees. So his wings were parallel to the side of the ship and he came almost exactly straight down.

Right where it came down, there was an outrigger canoe, full of native Filipinos. They'd come out to these ships and they'd get the soldiers up on the deck to throw coins into the water, then they'd dive down and retrieve these coins. So that's what they were doing. I don't know how many were in the outriggers. There were a few men and a few women and even children diving for these coins. I'm certain there were no fewer than seven. This plane missed the ship and it got turned sideways and it came almost straight down into that outrigger canoe. When the smoke and the water spout all cleared away, there was nothing but trash left on the water. It got that outrigger and everybody in it. Everything was demolished.

KI: It must be a very hard thing to see as a doctor.

Ray: Possibly not as much for an old, experienced doctor. I've seen many people get killed and mutilated, terrible things happen. It's chilling. But one never becomes immune.

KI: I read an interview we already have at the library that you did with Shannon O'Neil, a student.

Ray: Oh, yes, that was an assignment he had, to interview me, while he was at the Middle School, I believe.

KI: In it you were talking about a mountain expedition when the rain was really bad.

Ray: That was in Leyte for sure.

KI: The thing that bothered me the most was when you talked about the military not getting in to get your supplies to you, nor did they evacuate the wounded and you were forced to carry them with you.

Ray: I never did get to read Shannon's report, but he may have misunderstood somewhat. No one was to blame for any of that. It wasn't that they were derelict in their duty or anything like that. It was just weather mainly. All the men had spent all these months training for paratroops in anticipation that they were going to jump into battle. But in Leyte, we didn't do that at all. We went in by foot. As a matter of fact, our assignment was to go up these mountains, like looking at Mount Timpanogos, only much, much higher and much more rugged cliffs and even rivers up there, pretty sizeable rivers. You can imagine a mountain range with rivers up that high. Of course, there was more rain than you can believe. We went in by foot, or in some terrains, it was on hands and knees. We were climbing up cliffs and even crawling.

KI: What was your objective?

Ray: There were Japs up there and we had an airport down here. So they had access to whatever long gun artillery the Japanese were able to get up into those mountains and also possibly mortars from some points around the mountains to fire on our airstrip. So our objective included preservation of our airstrip and protection of our military scattered all about Leyte Bay, plus those aboard the many sea craft afloat in the bay and the Filipino families all around the bay.

The Japanese were re-supplied in the mountains by a well constructed trail from the crest of the mountains down to the Pacific Ocean on the north slopes. A piece of land projects out westward into the ocean forming the north shore of Leyte Bay.

Okay, so we start up the mountain on foot and it took us a few days to penetrate very deep into the mountains. Our only casualties early on were from snipers that we almost never did see. They would be camouflaged up in a coconut or other kind of tree or brush. We were ordered to progress cautiously in single file and disperse quite far apart so that large numbers of us couldn't be wiped out with a few bursts of a single machine gun. But as it was, our casualties at that time were usually one or two at a time by a small caliber rifle in the hand of a well concealed Jap sniper. In the forest a single rifle shot makes a chatter of many echoes so the sound of the shot comes from every direction and sounds like a hundred shots.

Care of the wounded was a serious problem with no real favorable option. Remember the battalion has a goal and cannot stop in its tracks for every casualty that occurs. So the wounded can be given very limited care, then, according to the severity of the wound, helped or carried along with the battalion. This takes the care of two, three or several soldiers. The other option is to start the wounded on return to base using help varying from actually carrying on a stretcher to mere help where wounds are less severe. Even so, several men are involved and several days may be consumed. This group would also need protection. Generally, a squad of soldiers from base would meet them at a halfway point, then each group would retrace their steps. This situation was fraught with all sorts of danger. Neither option was worth a damn. But under certain conditions, the company or battalion commander could halt the progress of the soldiers long enough to provide the casualty with at least limited treatment while still under protection of

the troops.

After only a few days away from base, the distances made it impractical any longer to carry the wounded back. The alternative was nothing to write home about. To carry the casualties forward with us tied up the service of quite a few stretcher bearers. Then at the end of the day it was necessary to dig foxholes for them, feed them, and give them medical attention and nursing care. Ponder all this for a few moments and you can envision all sorts of situations, but none of them good.

To compound the problems, out of the thirty-some-odd days we were up there, it rained probably twenty-five days, and foggy, till the planes that were supposed to fly over and drop supplies to us every day could never find us. Often the weather made it too dangerous to even fly in the foggy mountains. There were only about four times in all that month that they could ever see us from the air. So they'd start dropping stuff, but because the Japanese were so close around us, if they missed us, the Japanese would get it. So to make sure it got to us, they'd try to fly down low and make the drop in a precise little area. But the thing that frequently happened, they were striking our men regularly with cases of food, cases of ammunition, medicine, that sort of thing. So we lost several men that way.

KI: That's terrible.

Ray. Exactly. The other thing about the rain, every place we'd stop to stay overnight or any length of time, we'd have to immediately start digging foxholes. The rule was that as soon as darkness fell, you get in and stay in your foxhole and don't move. Anything that could be seen moving would be enemy and if you could see anyone moving, you were supposed to kill him. Well, with the rain, if you've got a wounded man and you've dug a trench and put him in there, pretty soon the foxhole is full of rain and if he isn't conscious enough to take care of himself, he's a dead man. He drowns in his foxhole. We had several such incidents.

If a medic is needed, he can't do any good if he stays in his foxhole. If the enemy throws in a hand grenade or if a mortar shell explodes overhead and showers down shrapnel and wounds somebody, then what you hear is: "Medic! Medic! Help, medic!" So medics have to get out of the foxholes and go, regardless of the rule: "if anything moves, shoot it." So to try to save ourselves from our own buddies, we'd go crawling along saying, "The medic's coming, don't shoot! Medics, medics, medics coming, don't shoot!" You'd crawl on your belly in the rain.

If somebody's injured, imagine trying to take care of him in the rain and in the mud and in a foxhole. You can't put a visible light on the patient because that gives the enemy a target. So you call on a few other men, not the other medics, because you don't want to tie them up just holding ponchos and flashlights. So you'd get some of the other troops nearby to help. Then you need one or two medics to help you do whatever procedures you have to attempt to do for the wounded person. They'd hold ponchos or a tarp or something over us, so somebody inside could hold a flashlight so we could see what we were doing and not let any light leak out anywhere because the enemy would try to aim on the light. What you could effectively do was limited. That's boundless understatement.

KI: How did you feel about that?

Ray: Oh, horrible, horrible!

KI: What is your psychological response to such situations?

Ray: That experience gives a good understanding of why some people go stark raving mad. It was enough to drive you crazy. It really was. You think, "He ought to be on an operating table. He ought to have sterile instruments. He ought to have this kind of care and general anaesthesia." All we had was morphine. We could give him a shot or two or three of morphine until it knocked the pain enough so you could maybe use sharp instruments. If you were fortunate enough to have a few sterile instruments, that good fortune lasted all of one or two seconds in that environment.

I had a soldier with a shattered foot, for instance, that was all but shot off. There was nothing there but some of the tendons that worked the toes, and that's all. I had to take a sharp knife and cut that foot off and throw it away. You can't do any real treatment of the stump, but at least you can get some kind of sterile dressing over it and get it on tight enough that it's going to stop the hemorrhage so he won't bleed to death. But there you're laying on your belly in the mud and trying to look in your pack to see what you've got to do the needed procedure. Then you realize you've just used your last sterile dressing material, and you know the dressing you used on the previous case is by now wet and muddy and filthy. It's just unbelievable.

KI: And the fact that you'd find these people whose lives you were trying to save and they've drowned during the night because you couldn't get to them. That just sounds hellish.

Ray: We'd make the rounds in the daytime and there was sometimes more than one in the night that had drowned in his foxhole. If the medical officers and men had allowed themselves to dwell on these wounded and ill men for long, there would have been no sanity among them, but many more corpses.

One cannot describe the following events in polite company and it is even difficult for one to bring into recollection. Finding something to eat at many periods of time was as varied as the many men who hungered. As a result, digging in the dirt for edible roots and tubers was commonplace. As a result of that, there was a plethora of intense dysentery. Imagine latrine problems in deep, sticky mud. Then imagine the long hours during a rainy night and thirty to forty men with intense dysentery. Remember the "if you move, you're dead" rule. Then try to imagine how long you could remain in a rain-filled foxhole with repeated, unstoppable waves of foul liquid feces seeking any exist from your clothes. I'll pursue this no further, but I promise you that your wildest imagination cannot approach reality. I have no doubt but that some of those men finally made their way into psychiatric institutions back in the States.

KI: How long did this go on?

Ray: The first few days out cost us only a few sniper casualties. The terrain was already wet when we started, but the rain held off for the first two or three days.

It was thirty days from the time we started up there until we started down. As a matter of fact, it was Christmas Day when we started down the Japanese supply trail to the ocean. On Christmas Eve day, we finally determined that we had most of the resistance neutralized.

KI: So you were successful, more or less, in that regard?

Ray: Yes. On Christmas Eve we gathered around at the trail head at the top of the mountain, before starting down on the other side to catch boats and go back to where we started. It was the first time we'd had fire at night during all those weeks we were up there. We lit a fire and the regiment sent a little light airplane over us. It dropped some candy and leaflets with Christmas music.

KI: That was probably not so much what the troops were thinking about right then.

Ray: Well, I was. We did sing. But when we got to *I'll Be Home For Christmas*, I just couldn't do it. No, I'd not be home this Christmas with my wife and daughter, whom I'd not yet seen. I had to walk away into the trees and sob a bit.

KI: I can imagine that, I could sob now listening to your descriptions. Can you tell me what kind of medical materials you had?

Ray: Well, we had sulfa drugs, topical powder and pills. We had some penicillin by injection, not much. We'd sprinkle sulfa powder on open wounds. We had gauze and rolls of gauze, which you couldn't pack much of in a musette bag. That's what we carried our stuff in, a musette bag, on our backs. You couldn't pack enough of that kind of material to last very long because if you get a leg shot off, it takes an awful lot of compresses, gauze and very snug wrappings to control a wound that massive. You run short quickly. So you have to start using your old fatigues and shirts and material that you wouldn't wish on a pig.

Can you imagine how long the surgical instruments remained sterile? We did have some chemical pills that were supposed to sterilize reasonably clean water. Yet we'd use our helmets as a basin, pour in rain water we'd catch with V-folded ponchos. We seldom had sterile gloves, but their use was mostly futile under our conditions. So it was bare hands, soaked in the same dirty water as the instruments.

KI: Infection must have been horrendous.

Ray: It was frequent and not controllable with our contaminated, wet materials at hand.

KI: When were you wounded that you ended up with the Purple Heart?

Ray: That was on Luzon. After Leyte, we knew our next mission was going to be on the island of Luzon, in and around Manila. After a brief reprieve, they took us by boats to the island of Mindoro, which was about halfway between Leyte and Luzon. So we were able to stage for the jump on Luzon [from] Mindoro.

We tried to get organized. We'd lost quite a few men, so we had to get new men from somewhere. We'd lost quite a few officers as well. So we had to get quite a few replacements. Some of them came from other parts of the division that weren't paratroopers.

In New Guinea, they tried to qualify everybody from the division that would try to qualify to be a jumper. So a lot of people that were in other parts of the division took jump training in New Guinea. They might have been in engineers, or gliders, or howitzers, or

whatever. Those who qualified replaced our casualties.

Anyway, we got all ready to go to Manila and on February third, we got in our planes and took off to parachute into Luzon, near Manila.

KI: Wasn't this February of '45?

Ray: Yes, because we spent Christmas of '44 on Leyte after finishing our campaign on Christmas Eve. We were there a short while before we went to Mindoro to plan for Luzon. They told us we'd know we were about two or three minutes from where we were supposed to jump when we flew over a very unique crater lake. It was a beautiful sight. Right in the middle of forest and all kinds of trees, lots of coconuts. Just beautiful. This whole valley was mostly surrounded by steep slopes that were all vegetated beautifully. There were some pretty cliffs also. But we knew we were getting close when we flew over this crater.

I think I mentioned before that we always flew with the plane door off. I was to be the first one out the door of my plane so I sat or stood by that open door all the way from Mindoro to Luzon. We flew at about 12,000 feet altitude. The day was gorgeous. The sun sparkled off the blue water. The ocean was well populated with many ships. From that altitude, they looked like toy boats. But I watched for land and the crater lake.

KI: Was it an old volcano?

Ray: It was, yes, even two volcanos. Here at last was this crater and it's full of water. I have defective color vision so it was just blue to me, but in descriptions somebody else has made of it, they have called it blue-green and beautiful. Inside the middle of that lake, called Lake Taal, was another cone that was full of water. Not full to the top, but partway. Here then is a tiny lake inside a crater that's inside another lake that is in a crater. It was just a beautiful sight and the water was so lovely. Anyway, we were already standing up at the door with our parachutes hooked up. As soon as we flew over the lake where the terrain swept up Tagaytay Ridge, we knew it was just another minute until, we'd get the signal to jump. We jumped out on Luzon unopposed.

Nobody expected us and that's the way it was planned. There were a few farmers around and they wondered what the dickens was going on. We couldn't talk to them, most of them. Most of the people we encountered on Luzon could speak English, but these farmers on the outskirts didn't speak English that well, so they didn't know what was going on. They didn't help us much to tell us where the Japanese might be.

So anyway, we headed for Manila on foot. We didn't hit much resistance. We were marching on foot because we didn't have any transportation. Everything was on foot where we'd go until we got close to the outskirts of Manila. Then we started hitting these little pockets of resistance. We'd see Filipinos streaming out of Manila. The wounded had arm slings and crutches and all kinds of patched up wounds. Many were carrying babies, and pushing little carts with their belongings. The problem was that the Filipinos tried to leave the city of Manila, but the Japs that had control of the city would shoot them. So they were in a bad spot. They knew we were going to blow up Manila until the Japs surrendered. If they tried to leave, they knew the Japs were going to blow them up. A lot of them didn't make it, but there was quite a string of them that did, and they were a sorry sight.

Now, I never knew east from west, or north from south, or where we were going, or what we'd be doing. I just went where I was told to go. During this process, on the outskirts of Nichols Field, which is an airstrip we wanted to control, we dug in around it. There was sniper fire and mortar fire going on pretty regularly, but not intense. I heard over the headquarters radio a message from General MacArthur. Where he was at that time, I don't know. He was at some headquarters somewhere behind us. The message was: "General MacArthur has just announced that Nichols Field has been taken and is under US control now."

KI: And you were all very surprised, I'm sure.

Ray: You guessed it. We were still fighting for the field! About five minutes later, I heard a plane coming overhead and looked up. It was one of our own C-47 planes, the kind of plane we jumped out of. It's a pretty big plane. It can carry lots of people. I don't know what it had aboard, but it was coming in for a landing so nice and easy, when BANG! There was an explosion and the right wing went sailing up into the air. The plane rolled over and went nose first into the runway.

Since we yet had no control tower for the pilot to talk to, I've just imagined that that pilot maybe got the same message on his radio, that Nichols Field was secure and safe now to use. So he comes in unsuspectingly and boom! I might be wrong to have those feelings about MacArthur. We knew from previous experience that MacArthur was known to release premature success stories.

I have told you about the planes that flew over and dropped these rations, etc. Well, another similar interesting thing happened on one occasion back in Leyte on a clear day when the pilot could find us. They were flying fairly low so they could hit their target. When they throw supplies out, it doesn't fall straight down, it falls [at an angle] because it's traveling pretty fast when it leaves the plane door. They have to guess where it's going to land. If they're pretty good at it, it lands inside our perimeter. If not, the Japs eat it. So this plane is sailing over. It made a couple of rounds. They'd stack stuff up at the door and push it out, then they'd go around and while they were circling around, they'd stack a bunch more in the door, and push it out. On about the third trip around, I heard a single rifle shot. Now, the plane makes quite a bit of noise, but you could distinctly hear this one rifle shot and its echoes. Almost immediately, that plane rolled over as it went out of sight. But we could tell it had crashed.

That was on Leyte again. I backtracked from Luzon to Leyte for this story. In Luzon, there was no problem getting supplied. We never needed parachute drops while on Luzon. We were never away for very long from a depot or medical facilities. On Luzon, we had all the supplies we wanted. All the ammunition, all the food, everything, and plenty of it. On Leyte, it wasn't like that at all.

But anyway, we sent a squad out to see if there were any survivors from the plane wreck. Fortunately, there were a couple. The pilot or co-pilot was one and one or two of those that were back pushing out supplies. I don't know *how* they survived, but crashing into the tall dense trees probably is *why* they survived. They were brought back in to our perimeter with non-lethal injuries.

KI: You were going to tell me about being wounded.

Ray: Okay. Before I tell you that, though, one other unusual thing happened before I got wounded. I'm not really stalling. We were stationed in this nice little place by the name of Santa Rosa. My particular medical section was housed in a very nice home. It was quite a neat community. It had a swimming pool and just lovely furniture. The Japs had taken it over, but they'd been routed and so now it was our turn. We set up our headquarters in this house. In the bathroom there was something I'd never heard of or seen before. It was a bidet. I thought, "What the dickens is that thing?" I got a little education on Luzon. But that's not the story I started to tell.

We were there in Santa Rosa a few days with nothing much to do, so I went out around the town to see what the place looked like. I came across this big school ground where there was a high school. There was a lot of activity going on. I learned that in a building, just across from the high school grounds, the Filipinos were holding a kangaroo court. It was just a court of civilians who probably had just assumed authority. They were passing judgement on the traitors who had collaborated with the Japanese.

I went in and sat down for a while. "Judges" were running the defendants through quite fast. The ones that were found guilty, and there were quite a few of them, were taken out to this school grounds. Poles, oh, like short telephone poles, maybe up to fifteen feet, were planted all over the grounds. There were maybe a dozen or two of them. Even when I got there, there were already several people hanging from every which position, by the neck and by the ankles, from all these posts. These people on this kangaroo court were finding most of the defendants guilty, apparently for collaborating with the Japs. They'd sentence them to hang, and out they'd go.

KI: Were they hanging them until they died, or just for a period of time?

Ray: They all died. Most of them were dead when I saw them and they may have used a bullet or two if they were hanging too long. I don't know all those details.

But while I was in this court, they put a woman on trial. They were speaking in Tagalog, so I couldn't understand much of what they were saying. Somebody next to me could speak English, and would clue me in once in a while. What I was told was that this woman was charged with giving information to the Japanese as to where a group of about a hundred Filipino men were hiding who had been fighting guerilla tactics against the Japanese. They had a hideout somewhere and the Japs had never been able to flush them out. This woman had told the Japanese where they were for a few bucks or privileges or whatever, I don't know. The hide-out was found and all one hundred Filipinos were killed. But anyway, the court didn't take long in finding her guilty. They sentenced her to be burned at the stake.

So I stayed around until they brought her out. They already knew what the sentence was going to be because they had everything all ready. It was a post in the ground, just maybe six feet high, and there was all kinds of kindling and trash boards and lumber and everything piled around her, even weeds. So they tied her up to that post and piled all that fuel around her and poured gasoline or some combustible liquid on it and touched a match to it. Boy, it just went up in a hurry. I'm sure she must have died quickly. The flame was so dense that only quick glimpses of her were occasionally possible.

Anyway, they had a couple of buglers standing, one on either side of the fire, and they were playing "God Bless America." [Showing obvious emotion.] That's one of the products of war. The streets and grounds were packed with onlookers and the crowd was jubilant, almost

drowning out the blaring bugles.

Now, we were talking about when I was wounded. Shortly after the burning, we had an assignment to take a town called Santo Tomás. There was just a dirt road going through the forest from where we were toward Santo Tomás, and there was a deep gutter on either side to drain away the frequent drenching rains. The dirt road was just wide enough for two vehicles to pass without scraping paint.

On either side was the forest. For about fifty yards from the road the trees were quite sparse, but more dense farther away. The strategy was to send out advance scouts so as to alert the followers when we would likely engage enemy. Their radios were silent. Apparently the enemy was well camouflaged and they knew exactly where we were because suddenly mortar shells began exploding all about, covering an area of several acres. It was obvious that the enemy had, well before the attack, zeroed their mortar on this area and were just waiting.

I had been walking down the center of the road just an arm's length from a jeep. It was traveling at the same slow pace that I was walking. The sole person in the jeep was the driver. In the first seconds of the barrage of exploding mortar shells, one of them came down in that small space between me and the jeep. It must have been angled down to my right slightly missing my right shoulder as it exploded under the left side of the jeep. The jeep was flipped up and over into the right gutter, killing the driver. The concussion wave picked me up and threw me into the left gutter, exactly where I would have headed anyway, if I had had my wits about me.

The chin strap had kept my helmet on my head and I was desperately trying to crawl into it, but I wouldn't fit! When my senses returned, I had the sensation that I had been kicked in the calf of my right leg. If it was a pain, it was a mild one. My leg gave me no concern at the time for there were screams and moans. The ground was littered with splintered trees and splintered bodies. In no time at all, medics and non-medics were assisting in positioning and caring for the wounded. Triage, the process of determining the order of priority of medical attention, was not as difficult as in some places. Despite all those thunderous explosions, most of the wounds were non-lethal and could be given "battlefield" wound care, then evacuated by ambulances which were not far to our rear and were available by radio call. Ambulances at night would be sitting targets.

By dark, all the wounded, except one officer with a non-critical wound like myself, had been evacuated by ambulance. When I got a moment to examine my own leg with subdued light, I first removed my boot which was filled about my leg, foot and toes with blood clots and some liquid serum. There was a shredded looking entry wound on the outside of my right calf, and a more shredded exit wound on the inside of the calf. I had no sterile instruments long since, so I sprinkled sulfa powder onto the wounds and a snug compress dressing to keep blood ooze to a minimum. By then I was feeling some attention-grabbing discomfort. I didn't want morphine because I wanted to stay alert. I was comforted to know that our perimeter was well manned with machine gunners and riflemen.

As I settled down to try and rest, I gave thanks that the troopers had walked over the terrain very, very well dispersed. Had they been bunched closely, casualties could have been many more. Had I not hovered so close to the jeep, I may have been missed entirely ... or possibly received a direct hit. Why the enemy didn't take advantage and continue bombarding us, I don't know. Perhaps we were getting some support from elsewhere.

We made it through the night without incident. We didn't have a lot of wounded to take care of because they were sent to hospitals or other facilities.

The next morning, a little plane, which I call a Piper Cub, came and landed where we were. There came with it another physician who had been sent by Major Chambers, our regimental surgeon, to replace me. The wounded fellows who had been sent back before had reported to Major Chambers that I had been wounded in the leg. So he sent this replacement for me. They also wanted to pick up the wounded fellow we had kept overnight. Instead of sending an ambulance for him, they had decided to take us both back to the hospital on this plane. The plane was equipped to carry, on its exterior, a stretcher on either side. This was supported from a bracket on the front wheel brace to another bracket back on the fuselage. We put the wounded fellow on the left side stretcher and strapped him in. I was secured on the other side. That's how we were transported to New Bilibid Prison Hospital which seemed to be about twenty or thirty miles.

KI: On the outside?

Ray: Yes, on the outside of the plane, with nothing covering the two stretchers but blue sky. They flew us back to the New Bilibid prison. Now, this New Bilibid prison had been full of Filipino prisoners of war before we got there. Of course, they were almost all political prisoners, so our Army turned loose every one of them and then turned the prison into a hospital. So that's where they took me. I was there for three days. I had been wounded on March 13th. They sent me then by hospital ship, called the SS Marigold, back to New Guinea. That's where we had started. I left New Guinea from Oro Bay, but was returned to Hollandia. I went aboard the Marigold on 16 March 1945 and it took us until March 24th, eight days later, to reach Hollandia on the northern shore of New Guinea.

Holland had colonized this area, so they call it Little Holland or Hollandia. The Army had set up a general hospital at Hollandia. It was a tent hospital, and it covered a wide area that I imagine was like six or eight football fields set together. It was all variable-sized tents. Some of them were big, long tents and some of them were just big enough for maybe six people. There were tents for every purpose. They had quite an operation going on there.

While I was there I got to see a road show, *Oklahoma*, that the States had sent over. They'd built a big stage. I guess over the long haul they had a lot of productions on that stage. It was massive. Of course, both the stage and rustic seating was outdoors, accommodating wheelchairs and wheeled stretchers as well as the usual.

KI: Just what you'd have liked to do: sing bass in *Oklahoma*, huh?

Ray: Would I?

KI: I bet you'd rather have traded places with them than going back out to combat.

Ray: Well, there was something nice about that place. Of course, I had a nice bed and real nice food, and they had Coca Cola, but the catch there was that there was no ice. It was just lukewarm Coca Cola and no fizz. They'd take ordinary Lister bag water and pour Coca Cola extract into it and stir it up and that was Coca Cola a la New Guinea. It was one step above the water available at the Lister bag. [A Lister bag was an Army-issue heavy-duty bag designed to hold water.]

KI: What happened when you were hit with the shrapnel? Did it just go straight through your leg?

Ray: That's exactly what it did. There's not much to see now, but this is the exit wound there. That's where it went in.

KI: So it just went straight through there.

Ray: Yes, it did. It didn't catch any main arteries or nerves or anything vital. What they did for me at New Bilibid was to debride it. They cut away the tissue that was hopeless, that was all shredded. They debrided that, or cut it away, then they put a drain (a strip of gauze packing) in here and out here, so that the natural drain process would take care of infection. If there was puss, it could drain out either side, following that gauze. When a bullet makes a "clean" wound, the jagged shape of shrapnel really shreds the tissue as it goes through.

In Hollandia, they further debrided it and put a piece of drain in the right side and a piece of drain in the left side, but it didn't come together in the middle so it could start healing in the center. They would keep backing out the drain until it gradually healed from the center out to the skin edges. Then they sewed up the skin edges on each side of the calf of my right leg pretty neatly. It doesn't leave much of a scar.

The final skin closure was done on the 30th of March. After three weeks of physiotherapy, I was released to go aboard the hospital ship for return to Manila. We sat in the harbor for a few days, so I was fifteen days from release from hospital to arrival at a "casual camp" on Luzon. Three or four days later, I was returned to my parachute regiment, the 511th. When I got back, I was greeted with the "good news" that we were getting ready for another jump on northern Luzon, which would be at Aparri. It was as far as you could go north of Luzon without jumping in the ocean. So my month and a half vacation was ended.

One unit of the 39th Infantry Division was moving on the ground north towards a pocket of Japs. They had us jump up here behind the Japs and we were supposed to kind of crunch them between the two of us. That was our mission there. Where we jumped at Aparri, there wasn't very much resistance at all, except ten billion vicious mosquitoes. Then we started moving south to meet the 37th Division. They had big long guns, as long as from the front door to back here. All kinds of tremendous cannons. All seemed to be permanently mounted on huge mechanized vehicles. The biggest weapon we ever had was an eighty-one millimeter mortar that they'd break down into parts and about three men could carry it. That was the heaviest fire power that a parachute battalion could take. They'd drop each one of those parts separately by parachute. When they got on the ground, the mortar team had to assemble them back together. Or if on the move, each man would carry his own part. The Airborne Division had heavier artillery, but nothing like the 37th Division was showing off. I'm not sure they ever fired one of those huge weapons on this mission. The guns looked too big for the targets.

KI: Were you there very long? It seems to me like it was getting toward the end of the war.

Ray: Pretty close. No, that was a pretty short-lived mission. I think it didn't take over a week. We jumped on the twenty-third of June. On the first of July we returned to camp. I think that figures about eight days until we arrived back at camp. I made this jump just three months and ten days

after my injury. I'm not sure of the time line, but it was about then that we got word that the Russians had declared victory in Europe. They declared it V-E Day. When that happened, the Russians thought, "Well, hey, that's over with. The Yanks are coming along pretty good with the Japanese, so we'll declare war on the Japanese and just be observers." So they did.

Then we had all anticipated that we were just going to leap-frog along until we got into Japan and that there'd be all hell to pay when we got there because the Japs just wouldn't give up. But we heard that Hiroshima had been atom-bombed August sixth and that put a whole new picture on it. Countless thousands of Japanese died in a flash. Truman told them, "Now, look here. Hundreds of thousands of people died in a second and we've got more bombs. So we advise you to sign an armistice, pronto." They didn't even answer.

President Truman threatened them several times: "Settle to your own advantage." But they wouldn't accept. So not too many days after Hiroshima, President Harry Truman ordered another A-bomb dropped on Nagasaki. It wasn't quite so devastating, but I think there were still 85,000 instant deaths. Then lots of them died for years after as a result of radiation.

KI: As a doctor, how do you feel about the United States having had to resort to nuclear warfare?

Ray: I was all for it because the Japanese were willing to let that war go on into Japan and fight until their last man fell. The atom bombs were much more costly in deaths for the Japanese, but a fight on Japan's homeland would have been won by the US at a terrible price to America. But the losses would be nowhere so staggering as the life claimed by the A-bombs. I have no doubt but that thousands of soldiers returned home that would otherwise be under white crosses row on row on foreign shores.

So the A-bombs fell, the Japanese acknowledged defeat, and several C-47 plane loads of paratroopers landed on Atsugi Airstrip. I found that the run-of-the-mill Japanese citizen was no more a war-monger than I was. They were generally nice, congenial people, just like you and I.

They'd curtsy and bow and offer you a cup of tea and all that stuff. They were ready and willing to do anything they could for you. They were just not what you'd expect.

But had Tojo and [the other] leaders had their way, we'd have had quite a loss ourselves. My feeling and thinking then was, if it took a hundred more Japanese for every United States citizen that was saved, why, I was for it because they started it and look at the damage they created there in Pearl Harbor. Just one ship they sank in the Pacific took eight hundred lives. They didn't have any qualms about killing thousands of people, so I had no qualms about it. I was all for it. I'd have felt the same way about Hitler's Germany. If only the warlords could fight the battles.

KI: You got into Japan after the bombs then?

Ray: Yes. We got word that we'd be going early. Within a few days after Nagasaki, we thought we'd be going to Japan because they had said, "Okay, we quit," after we dropped that second A-bomb. I don't know what went on in the upper echelons, but apparently MacArthur was making arrangements on the Battleship Missouri to get together with Japanese warlords and sign this armistice. We were told that we were going to fly in and jump on Japan and that the parachute regiment would be the honor guard for MacArthur. Actually, a small detachment from the 511th

Parachute Regiment did serve as MacArthur's honor guard.

So we loaded up planes on Manila and went to Okinawa. We thought we'd go right away and drop in Japan, but we sat there on the tarmac of the airport several days waiting. We wondered what the dickens was going on here. Finally, we got the word to go. So at 1:30 in the morning of August 31st we loaded on the planes and headed for Japan. We were told we were going to jump on Atsugi Airport, which is right close to Tokyo and Yokohama.

We had the understanding that the airstrip there had been blown and bombed beyond use, so we thought we were going to fly over the airport and drop on that position.

KI: Just parachute out?

Ray: Yes, that's what we thought, parachute; we were all wearing our parachutes. From Okinawa to Japan we had our parachutes on, ready to go. But when we started approaching the airport, the pilot established communication with the tower there. They speak English and so they were communicating back and forth. The guy at the tower invited them to land on the airstrip. He said, "Our airstrip's in perfect condition. There's nothing wrong with it. No need of you jumping unless you want to."

We flew over the airstrip at 7 a.m. I think it was the same time zone we were in in Okinawa. If so, it was five and half hours of flight time. Of course, all the men wanted to jump, to go home and talk about jumping into Japan. But the pilot said, "Okay, we've got the word from our commander to stay in your seat. Take off your parachutes and we're going to land on the strip." So that's what we did.

KI: You spent some time in Japan then, didn't you?

Ray: Oh yes. I left Japan in the latter part of November. I was there about two and a half months.

KI: Do you have some things to tell me about that time?

Ray: Well, there's a few interesting things about Japan.

[Interview continues on May 11, 2004.]

KI: This is the second interview with Ray Spendlove. He's going to start out by explaining his experiences when he got to Japan after the two atomic bombs had been dropped.

Ray: Did we mention that I had amoebic dysentery before leaving Japan?

KI: Yes.

Ray: Prior to that time, while still in Leyte, I had encountered an enteric infestation with an organism called *ascaris lumbracoides*. What it is in simple words, it's a long roundworm. They are kind of an off-white animal and they get as big around as your finger, and maybe fourteen, sixteen, maybe even twenty inches long. I hadn't been feeling exceptionally ill, but one morning I awakened in my pup tent feeling nauseated and went outside and upchucked. I looked at the

vomit and there was this long white snake. I thought it was strange that I hadn't noticed it before. I thought it was something that had to be on the ground when I upchucked.

Very shortly I had another wave of nausea and upchucked again, and behold, there were two of these things crawling in the grass. I took methylene blue as a treatment. I didn't have it with me at the time, but it was readily available, because these roundworms are not an uncommon thing there, or even here in the south. But I got the medication and apparently cured myself of it because I never had any further signs.

This *ascaris* is transmitted by eating food that's been contaminated, generally by human excrement, because these roundworms pass ova, eggs, by the millions. Maybe that's a high estimate, but anyway, in quite large numbers. So it's easy to contaminate food, particularly uncooked food like salads. Lettuce and cabbage and things like that are particularly bad because they don't get cooked and are difficult to clean thoroughly. The people there generally have contaminated hands. If they don't wear sterile gloves or something, their hands are mostly contaminated with these almost microscopic eggs. In the Orient, human excrement was then, and may be still, a valuable fertilizer. Handling produce thus fertilized contaminates the hands and then everything those hands touch.

KI: This was in the Philippines, not in Japan?

Ray: True, this is still in the Philippines. My episode of amoebic dysentery was in Japan, so we're backtracking for the roundworms. In any case, I didn't have any long-lasting effects from either the roundworms or the amoeba.

KI: Did you have to treat a lot of men for that sort of parasite?

Ray: There were quite a few of them. More of them had other parasites, cutaneous and so forth. Tiny pin worms were common intestinal parasites. We had every kind of skin thing you can imagine, but no leprosy. Everything we didn't know what it was we called 'jungle rot.' Jungle rot often was a combination of two, three, four, five, six things at one time, yeast and fungi allergies, bacteria and every other kind of thing combined. Whatever it was, it was given the name jungle rot.

We didn't have a lot of things that helped that much with jungle rot. The cortisones and antibiotics, some of the dyes, weren't available then. But with just good hygiene and fresh air and clean clothes, most of the men, over a period of time, could heal it up by themselves. It came about from moisture, wet clothes and poor hygiene. In Leyte, for instance, the mission that I talked about, I came out of there a month later with the same pants, same socks, same shirt, same shoes that I walked in there with. You can imagine what kind of sanitation that is.

KI: Sure, and wet a lot of the time and humid.

Ray: Wet almost all the time. At night, sometimes even sleeping in the stream because the mud was so yucky. You couldn't stand to sleep in a puddle of mud, so you'd go out in the stream a ways where it wasn't too deep, find a rock to put your head on and sleep in the stream. It was a lot better than sleeping in the muck.

The troops would walk around there and it would get so soggy, if you stepped in the mud,

you couldn't pull your foot out. And that's not good to sleep in. That's actually how we spent several nights, "sleeping" in the stream bed. So, the skin took an awful beating. It doesn't like to be wet that long.

KI: Let's skip back to Japan.

Ray: Okay. It seems to me we mentioned landing at Atsugi Airstrip. The personnel in the tower told us to come and land, that the airstrip was in good condition. So instead of being able to jump, which almost all the fellows wanted to do, we had to just take off our parachutes and climb down out of the plane. That was it. What a letdown.

The Japanese people that were there received us very cordially and wanted to do what they could for us. As soon as we got to where we could be on speaking terms with them, instead of a conqueror and conquered relationship, they'd invite us into their homes and offer us tea, or if the troops wanted, they'd give them sake. I never did taste sake, so I don't know what it tastes like, but it's a courtesy gesture for the Japanese to offer sake when you come. Then, like you've been told, the courteous thing to do is take your shoes off at the entry and go in. The floors are generally woven of some kind of a grass and bamboo and things like that. You sit with crossed knees at a little, very low table. Sake is an alcoholic beverage made from fermenting rice and is usually served in very small cups like tea and hot drinks.

KI: How did you meet regular civilians? Were they coming to see you as a doctor?

Ray: No, I never did treat any of them, but perhaps the higher echelons set up medical facilities that would take care of ill Japanese. But their own physicians were working and were free to go and take care of their medical practices. During the war, most of them had been sent off to war. At home they were maybe just getting by. I'm not sure what the situation was, but there was probably a demand for medical personnel, doctors, nurses, medical aides of all kind, I would suppose. There was a serious shortage of medical care at home, even here in Vernal. Dr. John Clark went into the service leaving Drs. Eskelson and Hansen to handle the full burden. Dr. Francke was here, but I understand he was limiting his practice. He was pretty far along in age.

So anyway, we'd encounter them almost everywhere, and sometimes we'd have occasion to deal with them. They'd come for some kind of permits to do this or do that. Whenever we encountered them, they were really sociable and would invite us to their homes and offer us sake or whatever they might have.

I don't know if I mentioned, we visited Tokyo as kind of a tourist approach. We had some days off where we could do what we wanted and we just rode around. Tokyo was really an experience from the vantage point that I saw it. I don't know if there were other parts that were much different, but from where I was, you could look out for miles and miles in every direction and there wasn't anything that stood above the ground more than a few inches, rarely a foot or so. Apparently, most of the homes there were made out of wood, very light wood, and paper. They had paper sliding doors and grass mats and floors that were woven. So at the touch of a match they'd just go up. But with the incendiary bombs there, Tokyo had just burned to the ground. It looked like a charcoal desert.

There were no factories there. There were a lot of things going on in the homes they told me, small cottage industry. A family would be assigned to make something like bullet casings or

something that they had the tools for in their home and they would do it. But the home itself was just a powder keg; the touch of a match and it would be gone. So that's the view of Tokyo that I got.

Now, somewhere in all this is the palace of Emperor Hirohito. For political purposes, MacArthur, in great wisdom, definitely didn't want to damage the palace. In political dealings with the Japanese, I think he was a genius. He wanted to leave Hirohito as their emperor and let them keep their worship. They considered him a god. But yet, Hirohito had to agree to take orders from General MacArthur's office. So MacArthur would tell him what he wanted done, then Hirohito would tell his people what to do, and they were happy to do it. That was all spelled out in the terms of surrender.

It was a lot different than in Iraq. Just the exact opposite. Many of the potential leaders that are still there are telling the people not to do anything the Americans want them to do or "we'll kill you." But in Japan, those people did what they were told and they were delighted to do it. Whatever the emperor said to do was gospel. They had none of Iraq's kind of trouble.

KI: What was your mission in Japan?

Ray: My mission was just as a medical officer to the men in my battalion. I have no idea how many of the 11th Airborne Division remained long. All I know is that those of the 511th Parachute Infantry that remained, though briefly, were there as a temporary occupation force until a permanent occupation force could relieve us to go back to our families. Of course, a small percentage of men remained in the service.

We were actually just an interim occupation force. I can't tell you a thing about later occupation forces. I think it was desired that many of the occupation forces would be people with experiences in reconstruction, civics, diplomacy, law, and language. Of course, with the horrendous problems of those Japanese that survived the atomic bomb but would suffer and die of effects of radiation by the thousands for years to come, specialized medical care was in terrific demand. Our government not only wanted to help, but they also wanted to learn, for obvious future concerns.

Diplomacy was the main relationship the peacekeepers had with Japan. Even during the short time I was there, there was no evidence of hostility. Yet only days earlier it was our mission to kill them.

KI: Did you ever see any prisoners of war?

Ray: Our regiment took very few prisoners of war in Leyte. With the extreme burden of managing our own wounded, the staggering problems that POWs would have given us was a luxury we could ill afford. Even in Luzon I didn't see many POWs we'd taken. When we did, we could readily transport them to the rear where they'd be managed by other personnel. If a prisoner was wounded, we'd give treatment on the spot if it was urgent.

KI: Did you ever see any American prisoners who were released by the Japanese?

Ray: Oh, no. I've told you about this long time we spent on Okinawa. Now I don't know what was going on between the time the Japanese said, "Okay, we're calling a halt," and when we

landed on Atsugi Airstrip, but I'm sure there was a lot going on behind the scenes. I envision both the Japanese and the US cooperating to transport both the wounded and non-wounded POWs to ships or aircraft to get them quickly to appropriate destinations in Hollandia, New Guinea, Australia, Luzon, possibly Hawaii and San Francisco.

KI: Okay. So, how long were you there? Is that when you got dysentery?

Ray: We had landed at Atsugi Airstrip at 7 a.m. on the thirty-first of August. I arrived in Seattle the day before Thanksgiving. That's late November, so around two and a half months. I had the amoebic dysentery in Japan, I'd guess in late October 1945. Now, I don't know where I got it. I possibly got it before Japan because generally it's two weeks to two months after exposure before you start having marked symptoms. It's possible I got it on Luzon, maybe even as far back as Leyte. It could have been brewing in me for a month or two.

KI: Is that why you ended up coming home?

Ray: No. We ended up coming home because there was such little need for that number of people in the occupation forces. It was costing the government money to keep them there and they didn't need them. Also, they needed personnel trained in occupational skills, not war skills. So they were sending us home pretty fast. I wasn't there very long. The day we left Japan had to be in mid-November because we arrived in Seattle the day before Thanksgiving. We were on a slow ship. It didn't have much cargo. There was nothing but troops, so the ship was way up out of the water. It was bouncy and rolling and all that kind of thing.

KI: By that time you were sick anyway, weren't you?

Ray: No, I was feeling better from dysentery by then. They had kept me just a few days in the hospital, but once I got on medication, all my symptoms started abating and I felt pretty good then. I was feeling real good when I came home. When I got on that ship, I felt somewhat like I had amoebic dysentery again! But, no, I was feeling quite well by that time.

KI: Do you remember how long it took you to sail from Japan to Seattle?

Ray: Well, I know it took us about twenty-two days to get from 'Frisco to New Guinea, but we were going zig-zag all the way to confuse the enemy. It took us about half that time Japan to Seattle. It was likely ten days.

KI: Once you got to Seattle, did you separate from the service there?

Ray: No, I was separated at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City. They kept us in Seattle for three or four days. I don't know why. You know, if the train was loaded up, you couldn't get scheduled until the train was empty. So you went places when you got the opportunity to get on board a train or a plane, or a ship. A lot of times you'd just sit and wait for something to happen. I think that's what happened there mainly. They maybe had to get bodies matched with paperwork before sending us to the point of discharge.

KI: When you were in Seattle, did you get to call your wife and family?

Ray: Yes. I don't know whether we called or telegraphed. We did an awful lot of telegraphing in those days. Anyway, Helen, my one-and-a-half-year old daughter, my mother and father, her mother and father, and a few of our relatives were at the station in Salt Lake when I arrived. It's thirty miles from there out to Bingham, so we just got in somebody's car and went home.

That was the homecoming celebration, but that's the way it was for World War II veterans from the Asia/Pacific theater. There were no big parades as far as I know. We came home piecemeal and I was delayed by amoebae. I know for the V-E Day celebration in New York, for instance, they had parades and ticker tapes and such things and they probably did when Japan surrendered as well. I don't know what went on here. But it was kind of an anticlimax the way it came about for soldiers who had stayed on as occupation forces. The celebrations, if any, were over before we got home. There wasn't much made of our homecomings.

Nobody knew I came to the station except my family. I don't know how many other soldiers there were. There were probably a lot of them on that train, but each of them surely had a family there, but that was it.

KI: I'll bet it was good to see them again.

Ray: Oh, you bet it was! You may have heard the song, "Kiss me once, kiss me twice, kiss me once again. It's been a long, long time." That was very popular in those days, even with me!

KI: Because you could sing the bass part, huh?

Ray: Oh, yeah. I could sing any part if I'd put it down in my key and sing it there. I could sing soprano as long as it was transposed into the bass clef.

KI: Was this the first time you saw your baby?

Ray: Yes, first time, and she was eighteen months by then.

KI: What was her name?

Ray: Leslie Rae. That's not the name I picked before I went over.

KI: But you weren't here to stick up for it.

Ray: We'd more or less settled on Beverly until I got the notice. I got a telegram. She was born on the nineteenth of July and I received a telegram the last day of July. I think I told you it had gone through Australia and up through New Guinea and finally got to me then. So 19 July 1944, and now she was eighteen months old when I first saw her. She was not Beverly, but Leslie Rae. I didn't complain. I liked it.

KI: Did it take you very long to bond to her?

Ray: It took her a little while to bond to me. Her mother kept a framed picture of me for her to chew on and play with. So she knew me very well. She reluctantly came to me at first, but she didn't want me to get in Mama's bed with her. So I had a real problem for quite a while. Under protest she'd get in her own bed and stay there. Now that was Daddy's place and that was kind of hard for both of us. She had had her own bed before, but on occasion some spooky sound would send her scurrying to Mommy's bed. The resolution was a challenge.

KI: I imagine it was. Even the guys [National Guard troops from Vernal who had been serving in Iraq] who came back last week, I know one of them. His baby was very young when he left and she's almost two years old. I wonder what it was like.

Ray: I guess you run into all kinds of situations. Helen had done a lot of talking with the picture, you know: "This is your daddy and he's coming home pretty soon."

KI: But she was a very young child to try to understand that. So you came home, then how long was it before you came out here, since you were still wearing your uniform when you got here.

Ray: I came here the first of February in the next year, which would be '46. I came home in '45, right before Christmas. Well, I'd spent Thanksgiving Day up in Seattle, then just maybe three days or more. So it was almost the first of December when I got there; I spent Christmas there.

I told you about my career difficulties. I still had the idea of going into obstetrics and gynecology. I'd already sent out a lot of applications and had word back from quite a few of them that they were backlogged for a couple of years. Did I tell you about Dr. Frazier?

KI: You did.

Ray: He knew about the throes of turmoil Vernal was in at that time and he said, "You'll be so welcome out there, you can't believe it." And that was the truth. Dr. Eskelson just all but begged me to go in an examining room there and start seeing patients immediately. They were in his waiting room standing up and all the seats were occupied.

KI: How long do you think it took you to drive out here from Bingham the first time you came?

Ray: I don't know for sure, but it seemed like it was unearthly long. I thought Dr. Frazier had given me directions to the Antarctic! But I think it must have been five or six hours from Bingham. Bingham is only thirty miles beyond Salt Lake. But there were a lot of turning, twisting roads in those years and the snow was very deep.

I think I had my father-in-law's car. The roads were icy. My father had told me, "You'll know when you are roughly halfway there when you come to the big Strawberry Reservoir. I never did see any reservoir as it was frozen solid and under deep, deep snow. I was perplexed at seeing no reservoir.

KI: Were you alone?

Ray: Alone, yes.

KI: Your wife didn't come?

Ray: No, she didn't come then. When Dr. Eskelson told me he wanted me right away, I told him, "I've got to get my wife and I've got to get some clothes." I said, "I think we'll be back, for sure. I think I can promise you that. But she has the final veto."

Actually, when I described Vernal to her and what it was like, she was very reluctant to go. I thought, "What am I going to do? I can probably go join some practice somewhere, but I won't be independent. I'll be doing what somebody else wants." She said, "Well, for two years I think I can stand it." When she saw it, it didn't change her much. She got to know a few people at church and they were friendly and cordial. So she gradually came around. But, no, she wasn't too enthused early on.

KI: Where did you first live when you got here? Housing was pretty tight then, wasn't it?

Ray: Oh, yes. The aggravating experience we'd had, down in the South, before I went overseas, was with rent control. There were rent controls and price control and ration tickets and all of that. I don't know how the government would come to a decision, but they'd go from place to place and say: You can't charge any more than this much for this house or for this apartment or whatever. And that's the way it was. But then the renter, even in Vernal, would say, "The rent is \$60 a month." But the landlord would say, "The rent is \$60, but I'm not going to give you this place for \$60, so you're going to have to write me a check for \$60, but you're going to have to give me forty bucks cash under the table." We'd run into that all over the country before we went overseas. We found that same thing when we got here in Vernal.

The place we lived for a while was upstairs, just down Vernal Avenue. What was the name of the little hotel there? There was the Cobble Rock, then it was in the very next building as I remember.

KI: Oh, up where the National Guard Armory was. It's just right next to the Cobble Rock station and N.J. Meagher had built some little apartments. Is that the place? [Approximately 25 South Vernal Avenue.]

Ray: Yes. Second story, at the very back of that building, on the Main Street side, that's where it was, in that building. I wasn't aware that the National Guard ever had an armory in that area, however.

KI: Yes, they did. Those apartments were really small, weren't they, and dark?

Ray: Oh, yes, really small. Of course, we knew we would be there as short a time as we could make it. A little home on the corner of Third West and First South became available, so we moved there. We were in Second [LDS] Ward over where the latest "new" hospital took over. So we lived there a short time, less than a year. Then we bought a little place that became available. It was kind of a run-down place that wasn't much to start with at 529 West on 100 South. It's the second building west from the 500 West corner. A very friendly family by the name of Darrel and

Erma Johnstun built a home right there on the corner and we bought a small place just west of it.

We started adding on to our little house, the first we'd ever owned. Finally, we tore off all we'd added on and built a new living room and a new kitchen and stairs to go upstairs. We added a second story and we had two bedrooms up there and a bathroom. We added a shower/bathroom to one of the bedrooms that was downstairs and built on a garage.

KI: Is that house still there?

Ray: It's still there. Arvin and Donna Nelson, both retired teachers, live there now. On the corner just east of us, the brick home built by the Johnstuns is still there. The tiny "corner store" was catty-corner across the intersection. The Corner Store has taken its place in history. Does that name ring a bell?

KI: I've heard about it. It was where the parking lot for the Glines LDS stake center is.

Ray: Right. We lived next to Darrel and Erma for eight years. Paul and Isobel Batty, who were good friends from the neighborhood, meanwhile had purchased property seven blocks south on 500 West and built a lovely home on the north banks of a little stream.

The Battys persuaded us to follow suit and build a home directly across the stream from them. We have now lived here forty-eight years, 1956 to the present, 2005. The Battys have long since moved to Arizona, so now my daughter and her husband, Michael Schaefermeyer, are my neighbors across the stream.

KI: Which stream is this?

Ray: We just call it "the stream" now, but it used to be called "Ashton Gulch." Perhaps it still is. When I first started initial work here, it was actually a grain and yellow clover field and the grain was tall. We dug into the ground and the water table was high so they had us drill way down to find a foundation formation. This house was built on what they called concrete piers. They dug huge holes, square and deep, and poured in concrete. Then they did another one, another one, and another one. They put beams between these piers of concrete and built the house on those beams. But this ground isn't that moist anymore. A government agency put in drain fields. There's one up here west and one down here south, so the ground is much drier now.

KI: When were your other children born?

Ray: Leslie, the one born while I was overseas, came on 19 July 1944. Then Kim came along in 1947, 28 August, here in Vernal. Brian came along 18 May 1949; Valynne got her name because she was born on Valentine's Day, 14 February 1953.

KI: All the other children were born here?

Ray: Yes, all here except Leslie. The next two were born in the old Main Street hospital. You know where that is? The old parish house on Main Street?

KI: Yes, I do. Will you tell me about it, though? And when you started practicing with Dr. Eskelson, did you share the same office or did you set up another office?

Ray: Dr. Eskelson had three examining rooms equipped with examining tables and the usual things, so he said, "Take this space, it's yours." Of course, I had a few things, blood pressure cuffs, stethoscopes and otoscopes, but not much. He was well equipped in these examining rooms. I didn't have any great investment to make.

KI: And where was this located?

Ray: I think the address was about 60 West Main. It was just three-quarters of a block from Vernal Avenue. We weren't quite to the post office at 100 West, only on the opposite side of Main Street.

KI: It was only the hospital that was down past the post office [about 226 West Main]?

Ray: Yes. The hospital was on the north side of Main Street, and our office was on the south side, just over a block further east.

KI: And that's where Dr. Eskelson's house was, right? Next to the hospital?

Ray: Yes, his house was there. He built a little covered ramp from his bedroom to the hospital so he could go over in his pajamas. When he got a call at night, he just got out of bed and he was there. That was nice. That ramp got a lot of use. His home and that hospital building are still standing. I think it's reverted to a parish house.

KI: I thought he had his offices in his home, but he didn't?

Ray: No. He may have at some time or other, but when I came, his office was on Main Street between Vernal Avenue and First West. It was pretty close to the corner where Rexall Drug was later opened by Tenny Johnson. Before the Rexall, I can't remember what was there. Stan King had a sporting goods store west of us. Wings had a department store east, as well as Ethan Nealson with his Garden Gate Floral. But that may have opened a little later. What was on the corner before Rexall Drug, I don't remember. Glenn Cooper built the building and named it the Cooper Building.

KI: It wasn't Vernal Drug?

Ray: No, Vernal Drug was on the other side of the street and a block east [13 East Main]. Our later offices, I know, were at 62 East Main. That was a year or more after Dr. Seager joined Dr. Eskelson and myself. I don't know whether I talked about him or not.

KI: You told me he was also out at Bingham, and came here from there. Tell me what your first day of practice was like, were you completely inundated with patients?

Ray: You bet, with everything. There were no two days alike. You know about the baby boom. Already there were people home from war. The war wasn't over long, but as it was winding down, there were many people coming home. Many of the ones that had come home early were married. Some were family people who already had children and now they were having more. I started seeing a lot of obstetric cases.

But there were a lot of injuries from the oil field. Of course, we had to go to the hospital to treat them. If it was anything serious, we'd take care of them in the hospital, admit them as hospital patients, if that was indicated. There was just about anything you can think of, tonsillitis, earache, sore throat, pneumonia, flu and diarrhea, fractures, appendicitis, just the run of the mill stuff with quite a number of oil field injuries.

KI: You told me the other day about tumors that people hadn't had removed.

Ray: These would be old people mainly, not youngsters, but 40-, 50-, 60-, 70-, 80-year-old people that had things that were just neglected because of difficulty of getting care, I guess, because of the squeeze of wartime and the remoteness of Vernal. One very unusual tumor was what we call a teratoma.

A teratoma is kind of a complex thing to understand, but it's what the ovary sometimes does in desperation to produce a baby when nobody has provided the necessary sperm. The ovum, or egg, just sits there and waits and waits and nobody is helping out. The eggs are supposed to split off from the ovary every month, but something strange happens. Nobody really knows why yet, at least I don't know, but that egg starts acting like it has been fertilized. It starts to grow, but it doesn't have all the components necessary, so it does what it can, which isn't too much. It produces hair and skin, and it produces fingernails and teeth and sebaceous material. That's the skin oils that secrete out of the skin pores. This tumor produced more of that than anything else.

This one particular woman had a long neglected teratoma that had developed and gotten bigger than a normal pregnancy, more like twins. When we operated on her, we had a big pan that I think had been used by photographers to develop pictures in, very big pictures. We opened her tummy and opened the tumor and started scooping out this sebaceous material, which is kind of on the order of yogurt, about that kind of thickness. We heaped up that pan full, then we got down to where there were fingernails, teeth, skin and hair. The hair would be straight as an arrow, in bundles. It was a strange thing to behold.

I only saw maybe three or four of those in my whole forty-one years I practiced here. But there was that one, almost waiting for us to come home. Ordinarily one of these tumors would get no bigger than a small orange before it would be diagnosed and removed.

There was a gentleman that had a plain fat tumor on his neck. For some reason or another he was reluctant to do anything about it. When that was removed, I think it was thirteen pounds. It was just a fat lump, called a lipoma.

I don't know whether you've ever heard of a hydrocele. Hydrocele is where the scrotum fills up full of water. There was a fellow who came in with a hydrocele that had, I can't remember the exact volume, but right offhand, I'd guess more than a quart of water distending his scrotum. That's pretty heavy, so he had to have a special harness to carry the scrotum in.

Another thing we saw many of was fibroid tumors of the uterus. Fibroid tumors grow like little potatoes anywhere in the uterus. They can grow in the middle of the muscular wall, they

can grow on the outside of the uterus, or they can grow inside the cavity of the uterus. But most of them the doctor discovers even before a patient can feel it. If a doctor does a pelvic exam, he can feel this fibroid and will tell you you have a tumor. But one such fibroid had grown huge, up to eight or ten pounds. It was as large as a full term pregnancy. In fact, it was multiple fibroids all bunched up together, growing all over the uterus, outside, inside and in the muscular wall.

Begin Tape 366

Ray: Another condition we ran into many times was that of unusual hernias. Even today a lot of people will go around with unrepaired hernias. But some of them that we saw then were horribly large. You wouldn't believe it. A hernia results when a weak area in the abdominal wall allows some of the abdominal organs to bulge through the abdominal wall and push up under the skin. Some hernias of the groin area push down into the scrotum.

Serious consequences can follow if the hernial mass, which often includes small intestines, gets strangulated so blood circulation of the intestine is pinched off. If not attended to properly, death can follow. But we ran into several people that had not only the hernia, but it had developed and gotten bigger and bigger and bigger until there was about as much intestine out of the belly, under the skin, as there was in the belly under the muscle.

Some of them had found that if they lay on their back, particularly if they have their head low and their feet elevated and use a little gentle pressure and knead the mass gently, they could get the mass of intestines back through the weak area into the abdomen where it belongs. Then if they wear a hernia belt over that weak area, they could get enough pressure to keep everything inside instead of it coming back out. This is only recommended for temporary use. I doubt if anybody today ever sees a hernia that gets more than just fist size.

There was one elderly woman, who had an umbilical hernia. It herniated through the umbilicus which is a naturally weak area. She was very obese to begin with, but she had this huge hernia hanging out in front and she just could hardly get around the house, just from one chair to another. It got to the point where she couldn't get the hernia back inside the abdomen at all. So she carried this mass, which contained most of her intestines, trying to support it with a corset. The colon can't herniate very readily, but all the small bowels are loose, so they can move around freely and thus they were practically all out in her hernia. Now, we never did operate on her because she was too old and she'd been living with it for many years. I don't think she was anxious and we weren't anxious to do it either because she was, at her age, a substantial surgical risk. That was the worst one I've ever seen, but there were a lot of lesser hernias, sometimes hernias on both sides.

KI: Tell me what the hospital was like, and what it was like to do surgery. Did you have it better in the service than you did here?

Ray: Oh, goodness, no. This was heaven compared to where the paratroop doctor tries to give service at the front line during battle. Oh, my, no. I told you about lying in the mud, on my belly, under a poncho, in the rain, with somebody holding a little flashlight, it was only about that long and they had probably two D batteries in them. You couldn't get very far away under the circumstances. You were working in a blackout most of the time. The medical aide men would get nauseated, so the light was going everywhere except where you wanted it. Oh! Nothing else

could be like that. Compared to that, the little old hospital on Main Street was like the Mayo Clinic.

Now I must tell you that the military did have some mighty fine institutions. The huge tent general hospital where I was taken in Hollandia, New Guinea, was a fine hospital in tents in the middle of a forest. Fine doctors, fine equipment.

KI: But tell me about the little hospital over here in the Episcopal parish house. It was rather primitive, wasn't it?

Ray: Yes, it was. One of the most unusual things was the nursery. This nursery used to be a closet, because it was no more than five, maybe six, feet wide. The hospital had built shelves running along each side of this closet clear from the floor up to the ceiling. It wasn't very deep, not over about nine feet. It was just a really small closet with room on the shelves for thirteen bassinets, and so for thirteen babies. I remember more than one occasion when all thirteen of the bassinets were full—to the ceiling. This made close observation of the babies on the "upper bunks" difficult. In those years it was customary for mothers to remain in the hospital ten days after delivery.

Of course, when the doctors started coming home from the military, they began telling everybody about the soldiers that were wounded. They rarely had any obstetrics to deal with, but the wounded proved to us that the ones that did the best were the ones that got up and ambulated the fastest. So we started cutting obstetric stays in the hospital to eight days, seven days, six days, five days. Now, some of the women deliver and go home. In fact, when my wife delivered our son, Kim, in 1947, there was another woman who was in the same room. The next morning I came in and told Helen to get her things organized and I'd pick her up at noon and take her home. The woman in the bed next to her says something like, "Who is that little whippersnapper? You get yourself a new doctor, and don't do any of the foolishness that he tells you!" Some women resisted that procedure at first, but like most changes, came to accept it.

Anyway, we got that movement going, and pretty soon, that's the way it was. We could keep them one to three days. But now I don't know what the average would be. Some stays are like twelve, twenty-four or thirty-six hours.

KI: Who managed the hospital at the time?

Ray: Alvin Weeks was the manager at the time I came to Vernal, but shortly after that it was Erland Preece. He was there for a number of years. Among other things, after we moved into the new hospital that the Junior Chamber of Commerce instigated, not only was Erland the manager, but he also took and developed X-ray pictures. There's several other things that he did that later technicians were hired to do.

KI: How long were you here before Dr. Seager came?

Ray: He came in July and I was in February. As I told you, I had known him, and my wife had known him and Dorothy quite well. They had been friends in Bingham. Helen had visited at their apartment at times. I don't think Dr. Seager would ever have agreed to stay in Vernal if the prospects for the new hospital hadn't looked quite certain, thanks to Vernal's Junior Chamber of

Commerce.

KI: Before he came, how did you manage surgery?

Ray: Dr. Hansen would help me and Dr. Eskelson with our surgery and one of us would help him when he had surgery. Some surgeries a doctor and a nurse can do alone if they use a spinal anesthesia and they have a good competent nurse to monitor the patient during the surgery. That happened a lot of times. But we tried to have one of us doctors at the head of the table managing the patient during the surgery with a doctor and an assistant doing the surgery. The room that was designated as a surgery had been the kitchen [in the Episcopal parish house/hospital].

To sterilize the instruments, they didn't have a regular autoclave like all hospitals have, but they had one of these super-duper pressure cookers big enough to cook a pig in. It was a huge thing that you could seal down tight and it had a valve and pressure gauge to prevent build up of enough pressure to blow it up. They'd set that on a stove and heat it. They had a scale that would tell them how long at a given steam pressure they'd have to cook it before it would be sterile.

Some of the big instruments had to be wrapped up to be secure. There was a kind of a scale to go by on how many wraps of linen it had around it because it would take longer for steam to penetrate through several layers. Determining how long something had to be in the steamer depended on its size. Big, heavy items took longer to get up to heat and if they were wrapped up with several layers, that would take even longer. The nurses would check the schedule and cook the items that long, then take the lid off and, with sterile gloves on their hands and sterile instruments, they'd fish the things out and put them on sterile trays, go in the operating room, and start to work.

KI: Was the place this was done the hospital kitchen where food was prepared?

Ray: No, they had to have a different kitchen for the menu for patients and staff. But unless my memory is playing pranks, that operating room was a kitchen prior to then.

KI: I just wondered if the food kitchen was the same place they sterilized the instruments.

Ray: Logic would tell me they had created a new kitchen elsewhere. In the book *The Builders of Uintah* there is a photo of that old hospital with Alvin Weeks, hospital manager, Constance B. Thorne, R.N. and head nurse, plus Beth Sweatfield, R.N., Lucille Hatch, R.N., and several other staff. As we said, the old hospital had been the parish house for the Episcopal Church pastor, whose church was next door.

KI: Inside the hospital was a very steep ramp.

Ray: Yes, that's the word, steep. The surgery was definitely downstairs and there were beds downstairs, but I think there were more beds upstairs. If you had a pretty heavy person to get up there, it would take a sizeable crew to push the person up the ramp on a wheeled stretcher. We had to strap the patient on really securely and have some helpers up in front pulling, and on the sides pulling and behind pushing, to get the patient up that ramp; it was that steep.

One unusual story about that ramp. During a rodeo one time, one of the cowboys had

been ill. He wouldn't quit; he wanted to win some money. He was hurting with a bad belly ache. He was hurting so much that he got himself pretty well drunk to ease his pain. But it got so bad, somebody brought him into the hospital, late at night. The rodeo went to about midnight and he came over about 10 pm. He had acute appendicitis. So we operated on him and put him to bed upstairs in the only available bed. Of course, they didn't have as many people there to watch the patients as is necessary when the patient is drunk, and all the beds were full.

Later on, during the night, he awakened and got out of bed and was wandering around. There was a railing to keep people from falling off onto the ramp. It was about four feet high. Anyway, he got to wandering out there in that ramp area and fell over that railing onto the ramp and rolled clear to where the ramp turns to go the other direction. We got called back to the hospital. I thought sure he'd be split wide open with all his intestines hanging out, but he hadn't. He seemed to be hanging together okay so we had to get him back in bed again and secure him with ankle and wrist bands. He finally got sober enough that he wouldn't try it again.

KI: Can you remember who some of the nurses were when you first started?

Ray: Constance B. Thorne was the head nurse and was very kind and dear to me. Of course, many articles you find regarding that old hospital, or the new one that followed, will mention her. Beth Sweatfield I remember well as we shared the same birthday. Then there was Lucille Hatch, Marilyn Thacker, Ruth Sowards, Mary Karren, Elsie Moffatt, Hope Jackman. There were a number of very conscientious nursing assistants as well.

KI: How long were you in that old church hospital?

Ray: It wasn't long. The Junior Chamber of Commerce started talking up the idea of the new hospital shortly after I came, perhaps even earlier than that. We owe a lot of gratitude to them for doing that. They conceived the idea of putting in slot machines all around town and people liked the idea that they could gamble five cents or a quarter at a time. It was really not so much of a gamble as it was a charitable donation. But I doubt if the IRS deemed it tax deductible.

KI: Ken Sowards told me that the machine that made the most money was the dollar one.

Ray: I don't remember a dollar slot machine, but I would think it would be the best earner. After they quit using them, they stored them in a room in the new hospital, down in the basement. It didn't even have a concrete floor under it. They all got rusted and out of shape. But Chuck Henderson, perhaps with others, salvaged some of those machines and matched some parts from other ones. They made several good machines and put them around at service stations and a few other commercial locations.

But it was legal to use them because they dispensed dinosaur tokens instead of money. You'd put in a dollar and get an aluminum dinosaur token. Each one had a different dinosaur on it, diplodocus, stegosaurus and so forth. They were popular with tourists. But the hospital had long since been built by then. The slots hadn't been around for quite a while. They made a lot of money for a new hospital, but Vernalites did not look on them as gambling.

KI: Did some of the Jaycees also serve on the hospital board? Who decided to build the hospital?

Was it just the Jaycees or was there another community group?

Ray: I think the new hospital promotion just had its genesis right there in the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Of course, the county owned and operated the hospital that was then in existence, so they worked with the Chamber and gave their approval. I don't know how they meshed their resources together, but the whole idea originated, it's my understanding, with the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

KI: How did you feel about getting into that new hospital? And do you remember what year it was?

Ray: The thing I remember about it, I wanted my son, Brian, to be born there. Kim had already been born in the old hospital on 28 August 1947. The opening date for the new hospital was scheduled to be about the early part of May, 1949. We thought, "Brian is due about the middle of May, so maybe we can get it open in time to have him delivered there." But he wasn't in a hurry to come along. He procrastinated and procrastinated. He was born on the eighteenth of May and I think it was a day or two or three after that that the new hospital opened. So Brian, like Kim, got to experience the high shelves in the old hospital nursery.

KI: So you actually were out here with that other hospital for about three years.

Ray: Yes. From February '46 until May of '49, roughly three years and three months..

KI: And Brian ended up being born in the old one. Too bad.

Ray: Yes. Kim, my first son, was born in the old hospital, but, of course, he missed the new date by a mile; he was born in '47. So both boys were born there, Kim in '47, Brian in '49.

KI: But Valynne made it to the new hospital.

Ray: She made it with time to spare. She came along in '53 so the hospital was nearly four years old. She came on Valentines Day. I had the idea we were going to name her Valynne. There was some talk among hospital staff that they should have a say about what to name her. I said, "Okay, we'll have a ballot and each of you will get a vote." So I put out a Valentine box for them to put their names in. There were all kinds of names suggested, Bubbles, that was Dr. Fowler's suggestion. They should have guessed that I would rig the ballot box.

Have you ever heard of Dr. Fowler? Herb and his wife, Jane, both practiced here for a while. I don't know the reason for his parachute training, but anyway, he had done some parachuting. Once somebody down in the southern part of the state was stranded off in no-man's land and injured, so he volunteered to parachute jump in with some medical supplies, which he did. He and his wife practiced here for just a few years, then they left. He died quite shortly after and she died not too long after that. They were both young.

KI: Do you remember other doctors that were here during your time?

Ray: My wife wrote a whole history on the doctors from the first one—which was Dr. Harvey Coe Hullinger, who lived to be 101 years old—up until after I'd retired. There are many. I'll name the doctors who were here when I came to Vernal and the few that came in the next twenty years or so. Then I'll name some of the very many who came and stayed or came and moved on over the next twenty years until I retired on 31 December 1986.

Dr. Farley G. Eskelson would naturally top the list. Vernal was not his first place of practice, but he came here in 1932. He died at age seventy-one in 1956 after a relatively short time of retirement. I have a lot of respect and appreciation for that man who served Vernal long and well.

Dr. Joseph Hansen was practicing here when I came to Vernal, but died from a fall from a horse. He died in the new hospital not too long after its opening.

Dr. J. Marion Francke had practiced elsewhere before coming to Vernal in 1932. After I arrived here it was my impression that he was seeing a limited office practice. He must have had patients in the hospital of that day, but I have no recollection of his presence in the new hospital. There were no other doctors in Vernal when I came.

A new page in Basin medicine began when Dr. T.R. Seager accepted my invitation to give the area his critical evaluation. There apparently was much in the way of medical challenge as well as very interesting streams and rivers, lakes and mountains, geological sites and interesting flora and fauna in abundance. I will ever be grateful that he chose to come and join Dr. Eskelson and me. He began a practice here in July of 1946.

Dr. Bruce Christian, a native of Lusk, Wyoming and a World War II pilot, came not long after and was a huge asset to Vernal. Later still, Dr. Vern Young practiced here briefly, then moved to Salt Lake City.

The always likeable Dr. Jim Allen was born in Phoenix the year I graduated from medical school. Interesting is the fact that he and Dr. Larry Wilcken both graduated together from Union High School. Larry came to Vernal under the auspices of the University of Utah Medical School, which established the Vernal Family Health Service in offices made especially for them in the Vernal Clinic Building.

Dr. Paul Stringham was the only native born doctor until that time. (Dr. Rod Anderson is native born. I treated him for a fractured femur from an early grade school injury.) Dr. Paul practiced in Roosevelt a few years before coming to Vernal. Paul and Jean's adoption of five children gives an idea of the kind of people they were. Paul retired in 1989 and continued charity work in St. George, Utah. It was cancer that finally brought him down.

Dr. Norman Nielson also was part of the Vernal Family Health Service and only left Vernal recently to be near his aged parents. I believe, and I have not confirmed it, that Dr. Will T. Durrant was also associated with Vernal Family Health. In any event, he is a naturalist at heart and has educated the populace here extensively in that interesting field.

Then there were Drs. Herb and Jane Fowler, whom I have already mentioned, and Drs. Van Wieren, Mountford, Delafield, Williamsen, Swartz, Sangster, Richard Mott, D.O., and Steven Limburg, D.O., and Drs. Whiting and Robertson. Dr. Lee Balka, with Vernal Family Health, was called to fill an obligation to the military. Houtz Steenburg, M.D., surgeon, practiced until retirement.

Others associated with Vernal Family Health, but left Vernal when the University of Utah Medical School failed to receive further grant money were, as I recollect: Drs. Mongan, Summers, Matthews and Townsend. Dr. Taylor Smith left Vernal to practice in Alaska.

A group of exceptionally fine surgical residents from the U. of U. Medical School agreed to alternate covering our emergency room on weekends. Also, there were doctors who were already in private practice who would come and cover some of our departments for certain days of the week. Between our local doctors and the visiting physicians, a crisis was averted. Some overworked local doctors had threatened to abandon Vernal if additional help could not be procured. Two or three of the doctors who came for short periods of time were people who had their medical tuition and books paid for by the government and in turn agreed to spend a specified length of time practicing in areas where doctors were in short supply. It was a blessing for the patients here and the doctors who were overworked.

Three of the doctors who came to rescue the local beleaguered doctors and then stayed are Dr. Larry Wilcken, Dr. Norman Nielson and Dr. Will T. Durrant.

KI: Thank you, that's really helpful. Let's change the subject a little. What did you like to do for fun?

Ray: The year that I was Lions Club president the Utah Lions Club had the state convention in Vernal. The Lions Club was always putting on either variety shows or minstrels or something like that. I held 'most every office in the club and at one time I was called a tail-twister. A tail-twister's purpose was to make fun, do something at each meeting so there'd be a few laughs. So I had some fun writing words to songs about different members of the club. I'd always try to have some little thing, just take a few minutes at each meeting. I make no claim of being a comedian, but I would usually get a hearty laugh, often at someone's else's expense.

Then we'd do minstrel shows. I generally got the assignment of coming up with some kind of minstrel show script and cute musical numbers. I'd get out joke books and try to find all the jokes and music and numbers that might be appropriate for a minstrel show by a Lions Club. I'd write a sequence for the jokes and assign different members and their wives to be certain characters in the show. We'd paint the faces all black. Also they would have white lips, white gloves, showy bold ties and black derby hats. We'd put on one of those shows about every year, very regularly for quite a few years. That kept me pretty busy and raised a lot of money for club projects.

Then we'd do the variety show. They were less work because I'd just find people who had some kind of talent, people in or out of the club, and work them into a program for the club to sponsor. They'd advertise that this was for funds for some special occasion, and we were well patronized by the public.

KI: What sort of projects you were working on?

Ray: For example, Merkley Park. We built some picnic tables to put there. The park then was quite large and required a lot of pick and shovel, saw and hammer type work. The club built quite a few things like masonry fire pits, cooking grills, swings, fountains and the like. Much work went into that park.

A laughable thing about the minstrel shows: one time I was the master of ceremonies that had the special name, "interlocutor." But I got a call to the hospital for an urgent OB. So I dashed over there in black-face. The nurses held the gown up and I climbed into it and sterile gloves, then with black face and still a black derby on my head, I delivered a baby, which came quite

rapidly. There wasn't any problem at all. So, I got the baby delivered and went back to the minstrel show. Somebody else had filled in for me, so the show went right along and I got back without missing much.

Not club-related, but on another occasion, I was on the [LDS Church's stake] high council and we were holding quarterly conference in the old tabernacle building. Glade Sowards was the stake president, and he had me on the program to address the audience on some particular subject. But I got another call to the hospital for OB.

KI: You didn't have a cell phone, so how did you get a call in the middle of these meeting? Did someone come and bring you a note?

Ray: Very frequently, if there were no phones where we were, the police would send an officer in with a message.

Anyway, I got to the hospital and delivered the baby. It was a boy. As I was leaving the hospital, the father stuck a cigar in my pocket with a band around it that says, "It's a boy." He had run down to the drugstore, which was open on Sunday, and bought a box full of cigars. I don't now remember if it was real; it might have been a licorice cigar, but it was sticking up out of my coat pocket. So I got back to the tabernacle just a few ticks before I was supposed to go on the program. As I went to take my place on the stand, Glade Sowards moved over to make a space for me to sit because I was going to go right to the pulpit. I sat there and he introduced me. Then I got up and spoke not realizing I had this cigar sticking out of my pocket.

When I sat down, President Sowards acknowledged me, then sat back next to me. He turned to me and said, "Having a bit of a problem with the Word or Wisdom, are you, Brother Spendlove?" I didn't know what he was talking about. He looked down at my pocket and chuckled, teasing me. He knew I never used tobacco.

KI: You've told me a lot about your OB experience. Is that something you enjoyed in your practice?

Ray: Oh, I loved OB. That's what I'd always planned to go into. I had sent out several applications for OB residency after war, remember? I figure I probably delivered more babies in the first few years here than if I'd ever gone into OB practice. An interesting thing, a very prominent woman in this community came to me for her first pregnancy. Her husband had to go to California for some reason. Whether airfare was available very readily at that time, I don't know, but she drove him into Salt Lake to catch a train. The train had no sooner pulled out of the station than she started having labor pains. She rushed to a Salt Lake City hospital, and she delivered right then. She was only about seven and a half months along. Mother and baby did very well. So the next pregnancy I wouldn't let her go anywhere when it started getting close to delivery time. She went clear up to about term and she called and said, "Something's going on." I said, "Come up to the office and let me check you." So I checked her and the baby was just ready to be born!

I had a little Ford coupe. I rushed her out and got her in my car and we started to the hospital. The Ford had one solid seat covered with Naugahyde. Her membranes ruptured as we drove to the hospital and we were both soon sitting in a tub of water, warm water fortunately. So we went in the emergency entrance, both dripping water, got her into a wheelchair, and up the

elevator. She was holding her breath all the way because even though she wasn't having hard pains, the baby was just ready to pop out. So I rushed her down the hall as fast as I could go with everybody following us. Picture me with drippy, wet pants. We hurried and lifted her up onto the delivery table and the nurses got her into the stirrups while I got on some sterile gloves and lifted the baby out just that quick.

KI: She just about dropped it where she stood.

Ray: She could have done. She could have had it in the car or down at my office. She waited until she was on the delivery table, but she wasn't on the table half a minute before that baby was born.

KI: Did you belong to any community organizations, well, besides the Lions, of course.

Ray: I was a charter member of the Chamber of Commerce. I was president of the Knife and Fork Club. I was the superintendent of the Vernal Third LDS Ward Sunday school, stake YMMIA president. I held offices in the Utah National Parks Boy Scout council for the eastern Utah area.

I attended a wonderful Boy Scout National Jamboree with 50,000 other scouts and scouters at Colorado Springs. I went, as did other doctors, to handle medical problems. In my scout activities, I organized a group which put on three or four July 4th celebrations. The 24th of July celebrations absorbed so much community energy that the 4th of July was just ignored. Our celebrations were great: games, contests, races, concessions, fireworks. Later the event was carried on by others.

KI: Which [LDS] wards did you live in?

Ray: To begin with, I lived in Vernal First Ward. That was when we lived briefly in that little house on First South and Third West. When we moved into the next home where Arvin Nelson is living now, I was in Third Ward. In fact, they hadn't built that chapel yet, which is now also the stake center. They built that while I lived there. In fact, they started building it very shortly after I moved into that home. I was part of that ward from the time it was just weeds and dirt, as was this place when we built here. We were still in Vernal Third Ward when we moved here. We subsequently have lived in Vernal Eighth and now Glines Third, but have not changed residence.

I was superintendent of Sunday schools for several years and during that time, Paul and Isobel Batty built the home next door to this house with the stream between us. I don't know exactly how it all developed, but it was more or less like this: Isobel was a teacher who was interested in literature and art, so at Easter the first year I was superintendent we decided we'd put on a Easter pageant in the chapel. I had her organize the musical numbers and write a script to tie the program together. She did a beautiful job of it. It was so highly acknowledged that we decided we'd do it again the next year. We embellished it a little.

At the front of the chapel where the drapes covered the organ's sound chamber, way up high, at the appropriate time we'd have those drapes opened and, flooded with stars of light, an angel appeared and sang. So we got started on special effects. We did that several years in the ward. We got so many requests to keep doing it, but because we couldn't get a very big crowd in

our chapel, we moved the pageant over into the tabernacle.

Over there, we had to move those railings in front to make room, which was quite a chore. We had to have a competent carpenter to do all that. Then we built quite elaborate settings. We put on programs there for three years. We'd black out the windows and have a lot of light and sound effects. I think the most spectacular one about scared the life out of me and 'most everybody there. I'd planned to have a lightning bolt destroy the Jerusalem temple. So I built a temple that could fall apart on cue. I'd joined two eight-foot pieces of plywood, which made for a sixteen-foot bolt of lightning. I put flashbulbs on the typically portrayed zig-zag lightning bolt every few inches. I had forty-two flashbulbs on the streak. It was covered with metal foil to reflect light. It was out of sight behind the scenery, behind the temple and the houses of Jerusalem so it couldn't be seen until we wanted it seen. Then there was a period of blackout. I don't remember if it was after an intermission or if we had some kind of speaking going on in the dark, but it was black and the audience couldn't see anything.

During that blackout we hoisted the lightning bolt way up high, behind where the High Council usually sat. Then when we were ready to resume the pageant, we simultaneously sounded a thunder clap which we had on a sound track, and set off those forty-two flashbulbs in sequence, which in a fraction of a second flashed downward from above to the dome of Jerusalem's temple. The entire audience screamed. I thought, "Oh, what in the dickens have I done? There will be mayhem out there! They'll be running for the door!"

By the time we got the lights on and I could see, it looked like everybody was still seated, but I was just trembling. I thought that I and all involved were going to be in real bad trouble. Anyway, that got a lot of applause when it was finally over. So we had three years there in the tabernacle, then we decided to go up to the high school auditorium, which is now the junior high. So we put it on there for, I don't know, maybe two years before it got to be where the Church was frowning on that kind of thing and I can see why. I don't know why they ever let us do it in the first place, but we did.

I enjoyed that and so did Isobel and all the casts. I have a lot of pictures of the cast in costumes. I had seen the picture show *The Robe*, so I got to thinking I'd like some costumes like they wore in that show. So I went to Salt Lake where the film companies send out the movies to the different towns. I don't remember which one of the Hollywood producers made *The Robe*, but I went there to see if they had some pictures that I could borrow. The manager gave me a folder with a picture of every one of the sets of *The Robe*. I said, "Oh, thanks, I'll return this as soon as I'm through with it." He said, "You can have them." So I still have all of those pictures, which are really beautiful.

KI: It sounds like a very interesting pageant you put on.

Ray: They must have had some appeal as audiences kept coming. Of course, we were pretty amateurish about what we made, but I went to Standard Saddle Tree Company and had them make a few of the things that looked like metal breastplates and arm guards and whatnot. Then a lot of the sisters in Vernal Third Ward stitched up costumes for the women. After a few years, we had a huge trunk full of costumes and props.

KI: I think that pageants used to be much more popular than they are now. You just don't get a lot of people together to do something like that anymore.

Ray: Well, yes. I can see it from a different viewpoint now and I hate to think of undertaking it again. I'm sure it would be frowned on by the authorities.

KI: I had another question that kind of goes back to being a doctor. Did you ever have to perform autopsies?

Ray: Well, a few times.

KI: Would a judge usually insist on the autopsy? What were the criteria that called for an autopsy to be performed?

Ray: I never did one at the request of a judge. If a judge were to order an autopsy, it was undoubtedly concerning a criminal investigation, in which case a certified pathologist would be required to do it. I'll mention one of the very few I did do. It was just at the request of the family. It was my weekend off, but I was still available to the hospital.

On this occasion I got a call from the hospital. I was told that one of my patients had been admitted by the doctor on call earlier in the day. She was desperately ill. She'd been seen and admitted to the hospital by the doctor that was taking weekend calls. But the patient had suddenly gone bad and they couldn't find the doctor. They couldn't get him on the phone. So they called me and I ran over. She was dying just as I got there. I had no idea about what the history was with the illness. She'd only been ill briefly. I don't think she'd seen anybody until she came to the hospital to the emergency room and the weekend doctor admitted her.

I was curious to know what could have been so lethal and so fast. Of course, the family was, too. So I told them I was curious and I couldn't tell what she'd died of, but if they were interested, I'd be happy to do an autopsy. The husband said yes. He said, "I'd like to know what on earth has happened."

Now, I didn't do a total autopsy, which includes peeling off the skin and opening the skull to examine the brain. I just did an abdominal study because I knew the cause was in her belly. It was as rigid as a rock. So I knew that was where the trouble was. So I did just a limited autopsy. When I opened her up, I found there was a part of her intestine, about two-and-a-half feet long, that was gangrenous, just black as coal.

What had happened was inflammation adjacent to an artery that carries blood to the small intestine had spread to the artery and caused a clot in the blood vessel. The artery branched over and over like a tree until it carried blood to the two-and-a-half feet of involved intestine. (There are about thirty feet of small bowel all together.) One small clot blocked blood flow to all those branches so that whole segment didn't get any circulation and it had been without blood for about two days. Only a few hours at most, without circulation, will cause the bowel to die. The toxic reaction and shock are what killed her, toxic shock from the gangrene of the intestine.

Another interesting case was a deer hunter. You may have heard about this fellow. He'd been hunting deer out near the Book Cliffs, and up comes this terrible storm and drops snow about five or six inches deep in just a few minutes. The hunter got lost, and his hunting party looked for him all around in that area. The snow was coming down so densely, though, that they couldn't hear nor see and soon darkness fell. Searches continued for days, but they couldn't find him. When spring came and the snow melted, they sent people on horses out there and just

scoured that whole area again. They searched for that hunter off and on for several years.

Finally a cowboy found him lying under some sagebrush, wrapped up in a yellow slicker or poncho. They had looked for him, I guess, five or more years. This happens every once in a while, I'm told. He had his pants on backwards; he had one shoe off, and they never did find that other shoe. Some animal could have dragged it off, I guess. But he had one shoe off and his pants on backwards and I think he had one arm in a sleeve of his coat and the other arm was not in his coat sleeve. But he had about him a yellow slicker, well preserved, and he was all curled up in it. It was amazing that neither decay nor animals had decomposed the body much, but it remained in remarkable condition.

One thing I'll touch on very briefly. When his abdomen was opened up, the odor was enough to make a vulture throw up! Remarkable was the clownish way he had attired himself to die.

KI: Was that because he was freezing to death, do you think, and he just got confused?

Ray: Well, I'd read enough that I understood when people get lost there's a lot of strange things happen in the brain. They get disoriented and delusional and have hallucinations and all kinds of things. You can't predict what they might be seeing and thinking and doing. I've read where lost people have funny things like pants on backwards, discard shoes, maybe even shirts on backwards. Some, in hours of daylight, just run until they are totally exhausted and can't continue to move at all.

KI: You'd wonder why they would even take their clothes off.

Ray: Under such circumstances of stress, the brain is totally unpredictable. Listening to a person who is hallucinating can cause you to break out in laughter or tears. If you want to get a load of belly laughs, spend thirty minutes carrying on a conversation with a person in delirium tremens from prolonged consumption of alcohol.

Side two of Tape 366

KI: What did you do for recreation? Did you go up in the mountains with your family?

Ray: You wouldn't call it a lot. I have to admit that at times I was imposed on. Deer season after deer season, I would be the only doctor in town and that could get very hectic. But I'm no hunter so I endured that without complaint. Though I didn't hunt, I'd go along on pheasant hunts and some things of that kind just to take movie pictures or snapshots and enjoy the company. I'd hunt pheasants a little bit. I felt I owed my sons a little exposure to some hunting experience, but I didn't like to kill anything.

Fishing, I really didn't enjoy. Dr. Seager took us fishing one time in Green's Lake, gave my wife a pole and had her fix some bait on it and we went trolling around. He caught a fish or two, and I may have caught one, and also Dorothy, but Helen hadn't caught any and so we finally went ashore for lunch. So when Helen reeled in her line, there was a fish. It was dead. I guess she'd been dragging it around all morning!

We did do a lot of picnicking with our family and with several friends, the Battys and the

Rigbys. Dr. Avard Rigby (wife Virginia) was superintendent of schools. Howard Clements (his wife was Beth) taught school here and he went back and became a dentist. It was a very fun group. Dr. Dan Price and Clara were lots of fun. Helen and I and Dan and Clara were together professionally, in business and social relationships from the time Dan came back from dental school.

KI: Were you in the same building with Dr. Price?

Ray: Yes, first on Main Street, but then Dr. Seager, Dr. Price and I built the Vernal Clinic Building on the property formerly owned by Hugh and Marguerite Colton. It was between Main Street and First North on Second West.

KI: That's the building that's across the street from Dr. Seager's house now, on Second West [75 North 200 West]?

Ray: Right. We had 'Vernal Clinic' up on the marquee then. Now the entire complex belongs to Ashley Valley Medical Center. Dr. Ray Paul was a dentist. He and his wife Eloise were a part of the group of friends who shared a lot of recreational things together. Dr. Vern Nielson was an optometrist; he and his wife Marian were part of that group. We'd go to each other's place for dinner, then we'd go on picnics. We'd have square dances, take a motorcade to interesting locations, then picnic. We found a wide variety of things to do.

Dr. Max Abbott (wife Twila) was also superintendent of schools, but later than Avard Rigby. Other dear friends were pharmacist Paul and Naomi Lunt. Paul also later became a dentist. Duane and Helen Anderson; Duane was a pharmacist and owner of Quality Drug, next to Vernal Clinic when it was at 63 East Main. Russ and Lola Holley; owned Russell's Men's Store, close to the Bank of Vernal. Ray Cundick operated J.C. Penney Company. His wife was Ruth. Louis and Donna Abegglen were dear friends. Louis worked with Russ Holley for a time, but also operated a lovely campground on North Vernal Avenue.

Sad to say, at least eight of that group have now passed beyond. But I still often think of the great fun experiences with these people.

This point may be a good place to comment on my wonderful friend and mentor, Dr. T.R. Seager. Though he and Dorothy and Helen and I had the greatest of respect and appreciation for each other, we seldom were together in social groups. Dr. Seager and I worked as close as two men can for thirty-one years, toe to toe and nose to nose at the operating table and nearly as close elsewhere. I can tell you with all honesty that he and I never had a conflict nor a cross word between us during those thirty-one years.

I am so thankful he agreed to come to Vernal. I cannot thank him enough for all the help and counsel he has given me. I will ever feel indebted to Tyrrell and Dorothy. He well knows my gratitude. The greatest single service I have done for the people of the Uinta Basin was to bring Dr. Seager and Dorothy to Vernal.

Back to our social group. We'd go swimming, boating on the lakes, even water skiing. We were doing something together all the time. My wife belongs to the Beaux Arts Club. I was, along with all the husbands of that club, invited to several special meetings per year. I was a guest speaker or entertainer at quite a few of their meetings which was a lot of fun. I couldn't name any special couple among them without naming them all. But it was a close-knit group and

Helen and I just adored all of them.

KI: Tell me some of your other church positions. You've told me about the Sunday school superintendency and the high council.

Ray: Okay. I was president of the stake young men's association for a few years. I was in the Scout program for a long time in a financial position. We were part of the Utah National Parks Council and I had an office, I've forgotten the title, of the Uinta Basin District of the National Parks Council for a few years.

During that time the National Jamboree was scheduled at Colorado Springs and I went over as a physician for the jamboree. There were 50,000 Boy Scouts there. I never realized until then what a mob 50,000 people is. But there was a big natural arena there and the promoters imported real good entertainment from Hollywood and elsewhere to entertain these boys. That was in Colorado Springs, where the Air Force Academy is.

So they had all these Boy Scout in tents and it made a vast city, 50,000 of them. Then when they had programs, the scouts would march eight abreast from the tent town into this natural arena. They'd file in there and take their seats. To watch that group of Scouts with eight abreast back as far as you could see, just marching, marching, marching! It took a long time. I thought that place was never going to get filled. Watching those fine boys come in was an amazing sight which I'll never forget.

I've heard of huge crowds and seen pictures of crowds where the caption said there were a million people there. I can't imagine, when I've seen 50,000 people in a crowd, what a million of them would be like.

Other church assignments included stake genealogy extraction supervisor for three years. My wife and I were stake employment supervisors for three years. I was a temple worker at the recommend desk for the first three years the Vernal Temple was open. I've taught high priest groups off and on for a year or two at a time. As almost every male member, I've enjoyed home teaching many fine families.

KI: How long did you practice in Vernal?

Ray: My insurance ran out the last day of December 1986. So I finally closed my practice at that time, at the age of sixty-nine years plus almost seven months.

KI: What happened with your insurance?

Ray: It was professional medical malpractice insurance. I was just buying it by the year. That's the way malpractice is. At one time I had intentions of just trying to work part time, but I'd have had to pay about the same in malpractice as full time and that was expensive already. So I thought, "There's no way. You've either got to work full time or quit." So I quit, but I kept my license so I could do a few things for my grandkids and my family and my in-laws. To that extent, I was prescribing minimally for ten years after that.

Officially, I closed the doors to my office about the first of January 1987. But a major item in crystalizing my thought of retiring was the fact that my hearing was markedly deteriorating. My practice by then was mostly anesthesia, and to give proper anesthesia care

sharp hearing is a necessity.

KI: I guess you saw some real changes in the practice of medicine during your career, didn't you?

Ray: You bet. When we first got into that new hospital, then we could really do some things we'd never done before. We had a laboratory; we had the X-rays and electrocardiograms and things that we hadn't had much access to before, although, we had some of those things in our offices. Even so, the doctors had to do things then that today they wouldn't think of doing and wouldn't know how to do if they did. I don't think they even teach some of those procedures anymore. If a person needed a transfusion, we'd have to take his or her blood and type it ourselves. If we could find a donor who knew his type, we'd have to cross-match the two bloods, then start the blood transfusion.

They did get, eventually, a nice laboratory going in the new hospital and good lab technicians. Like I say, we took our own X-rays early on, but they finally got an X-ray technician, then technicians who could do the EKGs and that sort of thing. But early on we did all of that ourselves.

We blood-typed the patient, then we'd get on the radio and say, "If any of you know you're type 0 negative blood, we invite you to come and let us cross-match you, and if you match, we'll use your blood for transfusion." Then we'd have to draw blood on them, then cross-match it with the patient's blood to make sure it was compatible. If it was, then we would draw enough blood to give the transfusion.

We did even simple urine tests, then we'd make the microscope slides and stain them and put them under the microscope and see what was there and treat accordingly for urinary tract infections. We'd do our own blood smears and urine, microscope slides for gonorrhea. Many urine chemistry tests were complicated to do then, while today one only needs to dip a stick of paper into the urine and color changes tell you what you want to know.

Just a lot of things that we had to do on our own now is done by the laboratory. The lab will do all these tests: the blood type and cross-matching, take X-rays, have the radiologist read them, do the EKGs, have the cardiologist read them, etc., etc.

We did inaugurate one thing with the Lions Club that helped out immeasurably in establishing what we called a walking blood bank. We invited everybody that would to get their blood typed free. The state board of health did the blood types. We'd give the person a little card that had their name and the type of blood. Then we kept a duplicate in a file: all the type As, and ABs, and Bs, and Os, and type Rh positive or Rh negative. The Rh factor wasn't discovered, though, until after the war. Anyway, we had this list all ready if we had a patient in need of blood. Most of the time he or she would know their type and Rh, because they had a card and we had the duplicate telling what their blood type was. So we could look in that file and find out which neighbor had the same type of blood. Then we'd call them and ask them to come in and give some blood.

The community gave one hundred percent support so we had hundreds and hundreds of volunteers ready on quick notice to give blood. The current blood banks were not available at that time.

KI: That was a great idea. What have you done since you retired?

Ray: We traveled a little. We traveled to Cancun and that part of Mexico. We also went to Egypt and Israel. We traveled back to the Philippines, and saw a smidgen of Canada. Aside from that, just locally, maybe California and Colorado; we don't go far. Before retirement we traveled in the surrounding west often with family. We'd repeat visits often to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and Vail and Aspen, southwestern Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, the California coast clear up to Seattle and into Canada.

KI: Please bring me up to date on your children.

Ray: Three of them are here in Vernal. My first and oldest is daughter Leslie, at the present time living in Grantsville. Her husband, Charles Griffith is retired from the Army Depot in Tooele.

KI: Do they have any children?

Ray: Yes. Our four children have given us thirteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Leslie has two daughters and two sons. Of the two married sons, one has given us a great-grandson. Kim has two sons and two daughters, one married daughter and one married son. One son has given us a great-granddaughter. Brian has fathered two daughters and a son. Two girls are married and one has given us a grandson and a granddaughter. Valynne has a daughter and a son, both single.

[Added in March 2005 by Ray: A mind-numbing circumstance has just recently enveloped the Spendlove family. Our son Kim has been diagnosed with cirrhosis with urgent need for a liver transplant. Long waits and much adversity were predicted by the transplant team. But our family has been struck with shock and awe. The Lord be praised, a fine donor was found many months or years earlier than the team speculated. The surgery has been performed and Kim has done very well so far, but no recipient is without prolonged ups and downs. Kim received his new liver on 31 January 2005.]

The children living in Vernal and their families look after Helen and me very well. Leslie, in Grantsville, e-mails us informative and affectionate letters several times weekly. At the slightest indication, they are all about to provide help to the finest detail. Valynne and Michael live in this house right next to us.

Last night there were two big explosions out front with a flash like lightning. I thought some pranksters were throwing some kind of fireworks. I thought about it for a while, then decided I'd better call the police to come and check and see what was going on. So Valynne heard the "bombs," saw the light and saw the police come. She suffers with migraines and she was having a bad one, so she couldn't come, but she called Kim and told him, "Get over to Dad's place as fast as you can. There's something wrong over there. The police have come." So in comes Kim; this is ten o'clock last night. A few minutes after that, his son, Beau, and his wife came. Carolyn had called them and said, "Get over to Mom's house and see what's going on over there." My children and grandchildren are very protective of Helen and me. Eventually all the children but Leslie, out in Grantsville, showed up out in the front yard.

KI: What was it?

Ray: I don't know. I never did find out. I'm sure it must have been just some pranksters doing something.

KI: I heard that in another community last night, the winds were so strong that power lines were blowing together and making problems like that. Could it have been that?

Ray: I saw that on the news. I don't think so. When the policeman came we went out there and looked all around. It wasn't blowing at all then. We've had some torrential winds here, but those wires have never, ever burned. The trimmers have been here just in the last ten days or so and trimmed those trees pretty well so I doubt very much that it was anything electrical. I grew up cutting my teeth on electricity and have heard some monstrous electrical noises, but this was an explosion like a huge firecracker or small stick of dynamite.

I'll just throw in a comment. When I was about ten, my uncle, Omni Jones, was electrocuted on a power pole in Tooele. When I was in the hospital in Japan, looking at workmen out my second story window, not twenty feet from me on a power pole, a lineman was electrocuted and a man on the ground badly burned.

KI: I'm sorry to hear that. It seems you saw a lot of death during your time in the service.

Is there anything else you'd like to tell me about? For example, can you remember any community controversies?

Ray: There were a few controversies about the hospital years ago. About the only one I've had any part in was when the hospital staff questioned if the time was not ripe to find professional management. The county commissioners were elected for short periods of time and weren't trained for hospital oversight management. In addition, county commissioners were too busy to also be a hospital board. Hospital management today is a specialty, a very complex thing. Hospital managers are buying high technology items that run into hundreds of thousands of dollars, even millions. Policies for health practices are so complex that they need a trained hospital administrator to run a hospital. They need somebody to manage who was not going to be voted out of office next year. So I thought, as did 'most all of the doctors, that the time had come for a change. I took the position that our hospital needed to be managed separately from the county commission. We wanted their support, of course, always, but in-house specialized management is preferred.

So at different times there were different issues. When Medicare came about, it started a whole new frenzy of hospital care and medical care, and everybody wanted to cash in on the bucks that Uncle Sam would keep shelling out. So multi-billion dollar hospital groups started up all over the country, and a lot of them in the south. Just one comes to mind, now HCA (Hospital Corporation of America), maybe in Kentucky or Tennessee.

So they were all trying to grab up all available hospitals and they were here trying to get this one. There was Intermountain Hospital Corporation, of Salt Lake City, that wanted us. My recollection is that HCA was the main contender, however. So there was an issue of who would get our hospital or how we would run it. There were three options: 1) remain under County ownership and the commission; 2) allow Salt Lake based IHC to buy out our hospital, or 3) allow purchase of our hospital by the outside contender.

KI: About when was this?

Ray: That would have been in the '70s, but I'm wild-guessing. It was about the time that Ron Perry became hospital administrator.

KI: Intermountain Hospital is IHC, isn't it?

Ray: IHC, right. I was all ready to vote for Intermountain Hospital, but their situation was that they wanted to get both Roosevelt and Vernal hospitals. So I voted for IHC because that would be a Utah institution. Some of these others were in Kentucky and other southern states, and I thought we should try and keep it here in Utah. There would be a lot of benefit for us. The money's at least going in the state. The doctors and managers of IHC would be more willing to work with us closely in consultation than those back in Kentucky. But at the last minute, Roosevelt said, "We've decided we're not going to go with anybody. We're going to stay independent. We're not going to sell." So IHC said, "We've got to have both hospitals or neither." So that left that option out.

Of the other two options left, the consensus of the doctors was still to go with the outside corporation HCA rather than remain under commission control.

Ron Perry remained manager of the hospital, now under new ownership. Many new and progressive innovations began and continue to this day. The Basin can really take great pride in what has become the new Ashley Valley Medical Center.

KI: When you said you voted for it, did you vote for it as a citizen or a hospital board member or what?

Ray: Well, the citizenry had some kind of a say-so. I think what happened, and I'm not for sure about the details, but I think the county commission was going to make the determination, but they were going to base their final judgement on the consensus of the doctors as well as that of the general public. A mass meeting was convened in the Uintah Stake Tabernacle (now the LDS temple). Many doctors and others spoke their opinions and I seem to recollect that a determination was made simply by a show of hands. The final decision may have waited until the commission went into session. I don't remember, but the decision was to relieve the commission of hospital control. I have no doubt that of the two options, the one taken was the best way to go.

Over the years the hospital has changed ownership a few times. Currently, the Ashley Valley Medical Center is under ownership of Life Point Hospitals, Inc. The corporation is incorporated in Tennessee. Our hospital today is managed by the very competent hospital administrator Si Hutt.

The current hospital management and hospital board recently honored me with a plaque for my years of practice in the hospital, over forty-one years, and a photo which hangs beside that of Dr. Paul Stringham and my thirty-one-year partner, Dr. T.R. Seager.

I've been retired these past eighteen years. I've had many occasions to utilize personally the remarkable hospital and its state-of-the-art diagnostic and therapeutic marvels. Whenever I pass the old residence-turned-hospital on Main Street, then approach the ultimate Ashley Valley Medical Center, I cannot believe my eyes.

KI: Is there anything else you would like to tell me about?

Ray: We can look at some of these things I have here. Here's a book my granddaughter Alyson made. I didn't know Helen had saved all my war-time letters until about the past year. She opened up these letters one day and started reading some of them to my older daughter, Leslie. There were several of the letters dated around the time she was born while I was in New Guinea in July 1944. A few of them referred to her; and one was written to her only, when I first got news of her birth. Leslie asked if she could have those few. So Helen agreed. She wrapped them up with a little ribbon and gave them to her. Of course, it got known to the family that she had these letters. My granddaughter, Alyson Schaefermeyer, didn't tell me about this either, but she borrowed those letters and most of Helen's collection of my war letters to her. Then Alyson compiled this book of all the letters. They are actual photo copies of the letters, plus photos of most of the decorated envelopes.

Here it is, Leslie's letter for her alone dated the 30th of July. You remember I told you she was born the 19th and I got word the last of July. There are thirty-one days in July, so I knew before the last day. I had prepared in advance a little birth announcement and I had one of my sergeants, a very clever artist do the artwork. My wife had a printer make them ready. All she had to do was fill in the dates and time and such. So that was Leslie's announcement. It shows a stork with a parachute, just jumping out of the plane with Leslie, of course. The stork's garb is designed typical of a paratrooper.

KI: It says here, "Reinforcements arrived!" That's pretty cute. "D-day; H-hour; jumpmaster: Dr. Richards." That's fun. It's a great birth announcement.

Ray: Well, she's apparently got the envelope that goes with it. This is the letter to newborn Leslie, which is copied as is. Now this letter is Leslie's first letter from me from New Guinea. She really treasures it. So this is the book compiled of essentially all of my wartime letters to Helen, so well bound, by my granddaughter Alyson, Valynne's daughter.

KI: After you'd been here for a couple of years, did Helen decide it was okay to stay in Vernal?

Ray: Oh yes, she thought this was a real good place to raise kids. I think even today she maybe has feelings that I should have gone to Los Angeles, some metropolis. I'd always said, before I came here, that when I settled down to practice it would be in a tropical climate because I don't care much for winters. Anyway, it didn't turn out that way. I got my roots sunk in so fast and so deep that when our two years was up it just seemed there was no way I could extract myself and leave. I was anchored secure. And I'm happy that Dr. Frazier directed me here.

KI: I have to agree with Helen. I think this is a very good community, even now, to raise children in.

Ray: Yes, I think so, too. There are some problems here, and a lot of them I don't know about, just get a kind of murmur about, but in general, I think it's better than the average community.

Well, I'm glad Helen kept these letters because this is quite a review of my life in the Pacific war theater. And Alyson did a fine job of turning the letters into this nice book.

KI: It's such a treasure, isn't it? And she's included pictures as well.

Ray: Did you ever hear about V-Mail? Actually, a V-Mail sheet would be not this big, just roughly four-and-a-half by five inches.

KI: So you had to write really small?

Ray: You'd write a letter on a sheet about like this, the size of ordinary stationery, and they would photograph it and reduce it. As a matter of fact, they'd just keep it on a reel of perhaps a thousand or so letters per reel. They'd photograph it on, I think, an 8-mm film. Anyway, they'd use a really small film and photograph it so they could get many thousands of letters on one little reel. Then they'd fly that home to 'Frisco. There, they'd print those, enlarged to this size and put it in a little envelope, then mail it from there. So our V-Mail got copied and sent as a film, then reprinted, but still printed very small.

KI: It wasn't very private to do it that way, was it?

Ray: They were doing it so fast that I don't think anybody would bother stopping to read them, but they could if they wanted. A lot of them had to be censored anyway. That was my job for my detachment, to censor the mail. Not when we were in a place where it didn't matter, but when we got in combat or we got to places where it was sensitive, I had to read the mail and pass judgement on whether it could go or not.

KI: Did you have to remove things very often?

Ray: Very rarely.

KI: Obviously the soldiers knew what they could say.

Ray: We'd tell them what they could say and what they couldn't say. So they didn't try to cheat it.

KI: The other day I looked at your medals, but we should record which you received.

Ray: The medals you see here in a metal frame, this one is a bronze star. I can't tell you how the words of the citation read that go with it, but it was awarded for service in Leyte, that month-long campaign, when it rained practically all the time. I can't tell you for sure which specific moment that's suppose to cover because there were so many instances when we medics got the hectic responsibilities of having to get out of our foxholes and go care for the wounded. I'm sure it was that kind of an occasion. Maybe doing a surgery like I described, in a mud hole, at night.

KI: Was it awarded for bravery?

Ray: "Service above and beyond the call of duty," whatever that means. I would judge that what

I've just described was my duty. But the award was determined by someone above me.

This is the Purple Heart. I can tell you exactly the instant that took place. That was on Luzon, on the approach to Santo Tomás. I was wounded by mortar shrapnel in the right leg. The date was 13 March 1945, in the afternoon.

KI, reading: "And continued your job, even though wounded."

Ray: Fortunately, I could continue my job. Of course, it wasn't a life-threatening wound, but I continued on caring for the wounded until dark, then stayed with the men through the night. Then my commanding officer, Major Chambers, back at the hospital, had me evacuated by plane along with another wounded officer.

Then the silver star was awarded on Luzon as well. The citation reads something about taking care of others while ignoring my own wounds. I was told by a corporal that he'd overheard a conversation at Regimental Headquarters that I had been recommended for a Distinguished Service Medal, but I heard nothing further.

Did I tell you about the approach to Fort McKinley? Our troops were deployed on either side of a road that went straight up a long inclined road to Fort McKinley. It was somewhere close to Manila. I never did know the directions, I just followed. But anyway, we knew the Japanese in the fort must know we were coming, but we did our best to stay out of sight off the road. There was nothing to obstruct their view until miles below where the road curved here and there.

We stayed off the road on either side going through the trees, which were not too dense near the road. But we figured there was no doubt but what the Japanese occupying the fort knew we were coming because there was a whole regiment. But they couldn't see us to take aim. So nighttime comes and we've got a perimeter on both sides of the road. The road was built up so that there was a rather steep bank on each side. At the perimeter, we dig in for machine gun nests. Most of them were facing Fort McKinley. We didn't expect any activity during the night, but well after dark, on a moonless night, we hear this tramping of lots of feet coming from the direction of the fort, towards us. So we knew a sizeable number of troops was marching and they were getting closer and closer. Of course, we're not talking. We were quiet as mice, in silence, wondering what on earth could be coming. We knew there were a lot of people coming. When they got within a certain range, the outpost calls out a challenge asking the code or password and they're supposed to know the password if they are friendly troops. If they don't know the password, you start mowing them down.

Well, the sentry called out asking for the password and the only reply was some quietly executed Japanese language among themselves, and they are also wondering what's going on. They probably couldn't even understand the sentry's language. All of a sudden everybody on the perimeter machine guns and the riflemen start firing in the direction of the sound. There's screaming, yelling, running, and some return fire. Nothing was visible. Foxholes were a blessing. We knew exactly where the enemy were: on the road.

One of our fellows, out on the perimeter, in a machine gun hole, starts calling, "Help! Help! Help me! Help me! Please, help me!" That struck me a little strange because almost always they'll say, "Medics! Medics! Please send the medics! Medics, come help!" But this was just, "Help! Help! Help!"

I knew this guy had some problems there and it was running through my head what. So I

start crawling along towards that noise and he just keeps calling. And I'm saying, "Don't shoot, I'm the medic! Don't shoot!" I knew the man calling would not likely shoot me, but I didn't have utter confidence in the other guys. So I approached this sound of "Help! Help! Help!" and just as I get to the edge of the machine gun hole he's in, there's this awful explosion and he starts crying, just crying and crying. So I slip off into the hole, yelling that I'm the medic, then I try to figure out in the dark by feeling around what's going on. I discovered that the guy was okay when he was calling, but what had happened was that one of the Japanese, trying to scurry away from the mayhem, had jumped, or more likely fallen, into the hole with him.

Now, at the time the Jap jumped or fell in, the machine gunner had a hand grenade in his hand and if he lets loose of it, the spring clips open and ignites the grenade. Within a few seconds it explodes. So he was hanging onto the hand grenade and he's got the Japanese fellow, with his back to the gunner's belly and he's holding him like this with both hands and the grenade locked in the Jap's belly. The Jap, of course, is kicking and squirming and trying to do anything, trying to get back there and poke him in the eyes, I guess, do anything to escape, and the machine gunner is hollering, "Help! Help! Help!" because he wants somebody to help him out of this almost insoluble dilemma. Had I gone into the machine gun nest three seconds sooner, I likely would have had another Purple Heart or maybe a white cross over my head.

KI: He didn't want a medic necessarily, he just wanted help.

Ray: He wanted help. I guess the guy seemed to be getting away from him, so he let loose of his grip and the explosion took place. It just eviscerated this Japanese, blew him to smithereens. But he had enough tissue and gear to protect our soldier from getting anything except his hands blown off.

Then I had the same problem as I told you before: how to cope. You've got two injuries spraying blood and you're in the dark. You've got a flashlight. I had to get the flashlight going so I could see him and see his injuries. We ducked down in the hole, as deep as we could anyway. I get tight compression on the stumps of his arms and hope I have controlled the bleeding, then fumble in my musette bag for morphine.

After everything was under control, I crawled back to where I'd been lying out on the ground. There was only sporadic gunfire by then. I hadn't had time to dig me a foxhole as ordered. As soon as we stopped to eat chow and dig holes, I was taking care of people. It came dark and I still didn't have a foxhole of my own, so I was sleeping out on the open surface of the ground. So I got back to where I had my canteen and things and under this tree, a beautiful tree. All of a sudden the strangest thing happened. I've never seen anything like it. There was an explosion, kind of like those bangs and flashes last night, but that tree just instantly lit up like a Christmas tree.

I swear every leaf on that tree was glowing just like a Christmas light. There were thousands, tens of thousands of those glowing lights illuminating this tree. It must have been a twenty-five- or thirty-foot tall tree, and the limbs didn't start until up there maybe ten feet or so. But way up there all these lights. I thought, "By golly, that illuminates me. If I stand up, they can see me from Georgia." So I want to lay as flat as I can, but I wanted to have a look at that tree. With time those lights got a little bit dimmer and dimmer and dimmer until they went out. I never did know and I never talked to anyone who could explain that phenomenon.

There's one thing I can think of, and it sounds just a little logical, but only so far. We'd

done a lot of throwing of phosphorus grenades in war games. They make a lot of white smoke, for one thing, so if you're a scout and you want your gunners to know where the target is, you can throw one of these out to where the target is, and it explodes, and this white smoke starts pouring out. Or if you want to burn down a shed or a house or explode shells or such, you throw one out. It's such a hot fire, it'll melt its way right through a steel floor easily. So it will set anything on fire and burn it up.

But when some phosphorus grenades explode, they send out thousands of little sparks, something like fireworks. That they could stick on those leaves and illuminate them is the closest conclusion I've ever come to. But I know phosphorus would burn through a leaf so fast and it would fall right down. I haven't found anybody that can give me a satisfactory explanation of what that was. None of those sparks fell down on me, but it was beautiful and frightening. There I was illuminated just like I had a spotlight on me. I think the thing that saved me was that every able-bodied Japanese was probably running as hard as he could to get away from there. The rest of them were probably mutilated or dead, because come morning there were dozens of dead Japanese on that highway and over the sides that were built up. We had only three mortally wounded. Our machine guns had straight access to the enemy, like standing ducks.

KI: That's what the silver star is for then?

Ray: That was unlikely what the silver star was for as the citation mentions my taking care of the wounded, ignoring my own wound until all were cared for. So it undoubtedly was for the same incident when I was wounded on March thirteenth.

KI: We are at the end of the tape. I want to thank you for allowing me to interview you.

Ray: Well, it has been a pleasure. It's nice to reminisce about the past once in a while. As you can tell, some of the things are hard to remember. But I have enjoyed it.

KI: Of course, they are. But you have had a major impact on people's lives. How many babies do you think you delivered?

Ray: From my notes, I estimate I delivered at least 3,000, but possibly a hundred or two more. I once thought I'd research that, but the numbers are not all that important. Every one was an exciting experience.

One note I'd like to add about my OB experiences illustrates how it always seemed to light up my life. This was made evident by my sudden bursts into song during deliveries. Though I've been retired nineteen years, some of my patients even today remind me of the song or songs I sang at their delivery. Sometimes I've been told by other persons who have been told by my patient. Most have memory of a special song. Only three or four told me they were a little embarrassed by my choice of song. I sincerely apologize and I'm sorry if I offended any.

As our conversations wind down, I have a feeling that there were some more interesting events I've overlooked and some rather dull ones I had better omitted. I have had a full and rewarding life. Only a few things I would ever change. I owe so much to so many that I cannot mention names, except a few. I am indebted beyond my capacity to express to my devoted parents. How I love my patient and ever supportive Helen, without her I am nothing. As a father

I have been far from great, but I know all my children dearly love me, as I love them. They all go to extremes to provide my every wish. In the recent event of Kim's liver transplant, our entire family congealed as one throbbing heart providing and praying for him. My tender love extends clear along to our most recent grandchild.

I hope all my family knows how I regret the countless planned family occasions that were spoiled by the ring of a telephone, how to every movie, party, school event, everything, we always went in two cars, one to get the family home and one to get me to the hospital.

For quite a few years I have been engraving away on a "hallmark" that I would like to share with you. I think I must have two motives in wanting to do so. The first is really a bit altruistic: I believe if you adopt it, it can enrich your life. The second is egotistical, my hope that somehow it will help you remember me favorably: *When you care enough to Spend the very most, Spend love.*

KI: That is a lovely thought. Thank you so very much for sharing your life with the community. It will be appreciated for years to come.